

THE
Jealous Lovers.
A
COMEDIE

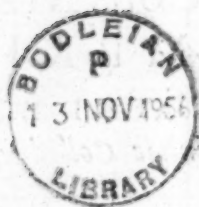
Presented to
Their gracious MAJESTIES
At CAMBRIDGE,
By the STUDENTS of
Trinitie Colledge.

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH,
Master of Arts, and Fellow
of the House.

*— Valeat res lud cra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for Richard Royston, at the
Angel in Ivie lane.

1646.



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL

Mr D^r COMBER,
Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the
Universitie of *Cam rilge*, and Master
of *Trinitie Colledge*.

Right worshipfull,



Have observed in private families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to severall employments, sendeth some to school, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as incapable of greater businesse, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is in our Societie (which joytully acknowledge you our carefull and indulgent parent :) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies; while I, the last of that learned Bodie, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bless'd in your auspicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, & telleth me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Bodie long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my oath and peculiar engagements have bound me to be,

Yours devoted in all dutifull observance,
Thom: Randolph.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,



Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expense of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by mine own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I find thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknes, I cannot be angrie to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free raptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in piety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love-rubbing; but that I was willing thou shouldst have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kind as my audience, who, when they might have used their censures, made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

— Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,
Sermoni propior, putes hunc esse poetam.
No, bestow the honour of this glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privatie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

To

To that complete and noble Knight,
SIR KENELLAM DIGBIE,

SIR, when I look on you, me thinks I see
To the full height how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their share :
While we lie lock'd in darknesse, night and day
Wasting our fruitlesse oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammir, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himself, perchance to be
A prettie youth, forsooth, in fallacie.
This on Arithmetick doth hourelly lie,
To learn the first great blessing,——Multiply.
That travels in Geometrie and tires,
And he above the world a map admires.
This dotes on Musicks most harmonious chime,
And studying how to keep it, loses time.
One turns o're histories, and he can show
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Physick labour ; most of these
Lose health, to know the name of a disease.
Some (too high wise) are gazing at a starre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven alreadie. And another one
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At poetrie throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinitie many spend their powers,
That scarce learn any thing, but to stand two hours.
How must we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the best of these can show !
For your deep skill in State, I cannot say ;
My knowledge there is onely to obey :
But I believe 't is known to our best Peers,
Amaz'd to see a Nestor at your yeares.

Mars claims you too, witnesse the Gallion
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,
When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though enrich them ! Stay here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement shew my pen ?
But 't is, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prays,
You 'll let her iwie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring servant, T. R.

To the truly noble Knight Sir *Chr. Hatton.*

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments ; whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
I find my Muse. Be pleas'd to hear her strain
When y' are at truce with Time. 'T is a low vein.
But were her breast enrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap above their clifts, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere ;
'T were but a lesson worthy such an eare.

T. R.

To his honoured friend Mr *Anth. Stafford.*

Sir, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement ere I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee ;
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R.

Colen.

Colendissimo viro, & juris municipalis pert-
tissimo, Magistro Richardo Lane.

SIR, if the Term be done, and you can find
Leisure to heare my suit, pray be so kind
To give this toy such courteous acceptation,
As to be made your client i' th' vacation.
Then, if they say I break the Comick laws,
I have an advocate can plead my cause.

T. R.

Venerabili viro Magistro Olboston, Præcep-
tori suo semper observando.

SI bene quid scripsi, tibi debeo; si malè quicquam,
Hæc erit in vitis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Picrum per f. et a Tiphys eras.

T. R.

To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not say I on our stage have seen
A second Roscius; that too poore had been;
But I have seen a Proteus, that can take
What shape he please, and in an instant make
Himself to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntarie Metamorphosis.
When thou dost act, men think it not a play;
But all they see is reall: O that day,
(When I had cause to blush that this poore thing
Did kisse a Queens hand, and salute a King)
How often had I lost thee! I could find
One of thy stature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all professions and all passions see.

When

When thou art pleas'd to act an angrie part,
 Thou fright'st the audience ; and with nimble art
 Turn'd Lover, thou dost that so lively too,
 Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.
 T' expresse thee all would ask a better pen ;
 Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.
 In deeper knowledge and Philosophie
 Thou truly art what others seem to be :
 Whose learning is all face : as 't were thy fate
 There not to act where most do personate.
 All this in one so small ; Nature made thee
 To shew her cunning in epitomie ;
 While others (that seem giants in the arts,
 Such as have stronger limbes, but weaker parts)
 Are like a volume that contains lesse in 't
 And yet looks big, cause 't is a larger print.
 I should my self have too ungratefull shown,
 Sent I not thee my book : — Take 't, 't is thine own ;
 For thus farre my confession shall be free,
 I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee.

Tby true friend, T. R.

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Randol-
 pho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

*A*udebit proprios negare odores
 Myrrhæ fasciculus, suâsque mellis
 Mendicare medulla suavitates
 Prius quàm his Veneres deesse credam,
 Quæ præ se placidos ferunt Amores.
 Aeternum vigeat, vicens amore.
 Quod si quis lapides loquatur, istum
 Jam jam aptum Tumulo scias libellum.
 En ! noster bona verba portat autor
 Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras ;
 Ridentes, niveoque perjocose
 Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.

Amores

*Amores simul elegantia/que
Ad partus properare tum puteis,
Cum risus popularis & theatri
Plausus suppeditavit obstericam.*

DEsert keeps close, when they that write by guesse
Scatter their scribbles and invade the Presse.
Stage-Poets ('t is their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 't is not so ; there 's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No swagg'ring terms, no taunts ; for 't is not right
To think that onely toothsome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Rosie blush, ensignes of modestie ;
Though once beheld by such with that content,
They need not fear others disparagement.
But I 'll not tell their fortune, what e're 't be ;
Thou must needs kuow 't, if skill'd in palmestrie.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To say, 'T is pettie-treason to withhold.

Edward Hide.

*To his dearest friend the Author, after he
had revised his Comedie.*

THe more I this thy master-piece peruse,
The more thou seem'st to wrong thy noble Muse,
And thy free Genius: If this were mine,
A modest envie would bid me confine
It to my studie, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples sport,
Which gave such sweet delight unto the King,
Who censur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou hast made it publick to the view
Of self-love, malice, and that other crue.
It were more fit it should impaled lie

Within

Within the walls of some great librarie ;
That if by chance through injurie of time,
Plautus, and Terence, and that *fragrant thyme Aristophanes
Of Attick wit should perishe ; we might see
All those reviv'd in his one comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy scene doth represent unto the life,
Beside the character of a curst wife :
So truly given, in so proper style,
As if thy active soule had dwelt a while
In each mans bodie ; and at length had seen
How in their humours they themselves demean,
I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow ; thy names ; what not ?
But if our Poets, praising other men,
Wish for an hundred tongues ; what want we then
When we praise Poets ? This I 'll onely say,
This work doth crown thee Laureate to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Onely in this thou dost thy self excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

*To his dear friend Mr Tho: Randolph, on
his Comedie called The Jealous Lovers.*

Friend, I must grieve your poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in poets, Modestie.
If you dislike the issues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 't is as true,
Those that were there can judge as well as you.
You onely think your gold adulterate,
When every scale of judgement finds it weight,
And every touchstone perfect. This I 'll say,
You contradict the name of your own play :
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

Rich. Benesfield, T. C.

*To his ingenuous friend, the Authour,
concerning his Comedie.*

THe Muses, Tom, thy *jealous Lovers* be,
Striving which has the greatest share in thee.
Euterpe calls thee hers ; such is thy skill
In pastorall sonnets and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou hast an excellent vein for elegies.
'T is true ; but then Calliope disdains,
Urging thy *fantie* in heroick strains.
Thus all the Nine : Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in person to decide the cause :
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,
And so gives sentence on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine ;
What though the rest with jealousy repine ?
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muse by laughter.
Out with 't, I say, smother not this thy birth,
But publish to the world thy harmlesse mirth.
No fretting frontispice, nor biting Satyre
Needs usher 't forth : born tooth'd ? sic, 'tis 'gainst nature.
Thou hast th' applause of all : King, Queen, and Court,
And Universitie, all lik'd thy sport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrel at dislike, and, spite of rumour,
Force a more candid censure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the Court.
Such rude and snarling prefaces suit not thee ;
They are superfluous : for thy Comedie,
Backt with its own worth and the authours name,
Will find sufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Dupart.

Randolpho

Randolpho suo.

AN quæram monumenta firmiora,
Nostri nomini, ut supersit ætas,
cùm scriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum similis futurus ævi,
Qui jam vita cluïs Scholæ & Theatri?
Nolo. Marmor erit mihi poeta.
Mausolea mihi mei Menandri
O quàm æterna satîs liber perennis!
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,
Nostri nominis ut supersit ætas.

Thom: Riley.

AGmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis & pransam vexat ubique domum,
Quot tua quotidie pulsarunt limina Chartæ:
Fervidus à tergo & quisque rogator adest.
Prodeat audacter, repetitaque vulnera præli
Fabula, quæ meruit sustinuisse, ferat.
Non horret tantùm tua Musa, aut mutat, ut esset
Turpior ornatu rustica Nympha suo.

Car. Fotherbie, 7. Coll.

Amico suo ingeniosissimo THO: RANDOLPH.

Fingito zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Musa suspicionis habe.
Fac dominam ut plures novint, & adultera fiet;
Musa, licèt fuerit publica, casta manet.

Fr: Meres.

Fratri

Fratri suo Thom. Randolph.

NON satis est quod te dederit natura priorem,
Ni simul & natus major, & arte fores?
Illa, sciens noster quàm non sit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

A U T O R I.

HEi mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas aquor, amice?
Queis te jactandum das maleficus aquis?
Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?
Amula vel de te dicere lingua velit?
I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
Censuramque ipsam sub iuga mitte gravem.
Qui meruit CAROLO plausum spectante, popello
Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.
Dirige victorem captivo Casare currum,
Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:
Triste supercilium levo nictantis oculo
Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom: Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis personæ.

T*yndarus*, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamour'd of Evadne.

Pamphilus, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne indeed to Chremylus.

Evadne, supposed daughter of Chremylus.

Techmessa, daughter to Chremylus.

Demetrius, an Athenian in the disguise of an Astrologer.

Chremylus, an old man.

Dipsar his wife.

Simo, an old doting father.

Afotus, his prodigall sonne.

Ballio, a Pander, and Tutor to Afotus.

Phryne, a Courtesan, and Mistresse to Afotus.

Phronesium, a merry chambermaid.

Hyperbolus,

Thrasymachus, } two souldiers.

Bomolochus,

Charilus, } two Poets.

A sexton.

Staphyla, his wife.

Pagnium, a Page.

A Priest.

Officers.

Servants.

The Scene

Thebes.

The



The Jealous Lovers.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Simo, Afotus, Ballio.

Sim.



Ow thrives my boy Afotus? is he capable
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I never met

A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.
Wel, get thee home old Simo: go & kneel:

Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods

Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive

Any impressions. *Afot.* As I am a Gentleman,

And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,

To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good Afotus,

It is thy fathers care, a provident care,

That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;

And when I brooding sit upon my bags,

And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,

Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,

This, this, and this, and this is for Afotus.

Afot. Take this, and this, and this, and this again:

Can you not be content to give me money,

But you must hit me in the teeth with't? —S'lid.

Ball. Nay, good Afotus, such a loving father

That does not blessie you with a sweate palm

Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer;

But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,

Fine white and yellow blessings. *Afot.* Pr'ythee Ballio,

I could endure his white and yellow blessings,

If he would leave his prating. *Sim.* Do you hear him;

How sharp and tart his answers are? Old Simo,

B

Th'hast

Th'haſt got a witty witty wagge ; yet dear one,
 When I behold the vaſtneſſe of my treaſure,
 How large my coſſers, yet how cram'd with wealth,
 That every talent ſweats as in a crowd,
 And grieves not at the priſon but the narrowneſſe.

Aſot. If I make not room for 'em, ne're truſt me.

Sim. When I ſee this I cannot chuſe but fear
 Thou canſt not finde out wayes enow to ſpend it :
 They will out vie thy pleaſures. *Ball.* Few ſuch fathers !
 I cannot chuſe but ſtroke your beard, and wonder,
 That having ſo much wealth you have the wit
 To underſtand for whom you got it. *Aſot.* True :
 And I have ſo much wit to underſtand
 It muſt be ſpent, and ſhall, boyes. *Sim.* Pray heaven it may!

Aſot. I'll live to ſpend it all; & then—perhaps I'll die!
 And will not leave the purchaſe of a ſheet,
 Or buy a rotten coſſin. *Ball.* Yes, dear Pupill,
 Buy me an urn ; while yet we laugh and live,
 It ſhall contain our drink, and, when we die,
 It may preſerve our duſt : tis fit our aſhes
 Should take a nap there where they took their liquor.

Sim. Sage counſell this—obſerve it, boy—obſerve it.

Aſot. I live in Thebes, yet I dare ſwear all Athens
 Affords not ſuch a Tutour : thou mayſt reade
 To all the young heires—in town or city.

Sim. Ah Ballio ! I have lived a dunghill wretch,
 Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,
 A ruſt unto my ſelfe, as to my gold :
 To pile up idle treaſure ſtarv'd my body
 Thus, to a wrinkled ſkin, and rotten bones,
 And ſpider-like have ſpunne a web of gold
 Out of my bowels ; onely knew the care,
 But not the uſe of gold.—Now, gentle Ballio,
 I would not have my ſonne ſo loth'd a thing :
 No, let him live and ſpend, and buy his pleaſures
 At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,

Where

Where are the daintiest meats, the briskest wines,
The costliest garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter
To our best Burgesse: and if Thebes be scarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him:—When I sleep
Within my quiet grave I sha'l have dreams,
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much pleasure
Asotus spends what I with care have got.

Asot. Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink Sack plenty,
Incircled round with Daxies plump—and dainty.

Sim. How thrives my boy? —How forward in his
studies?

Ball. Troth—with much industry—I have brought
him now (drinking?)

That he is grown—past drinking? *Sim.* How man? past

Ball. I mean he is grown perfect in that science.

Sim. But will he not forget? *Asot.* No I warrant you,
I know I sha'nt forget; because i'h'morning
I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Sim. How feeds my boy? *Ball.* Troth well: I never met
A stomach of more valour, or a tooth

Off such judicious knowledge. *Sim.* Can he wench? ha?

Ball. To say the truth—but rawly. *Asot.* Rawly?—I'm
sure

I have already made my Dad a Grandfire

To five and twenty:—and if I do not

Out of mere charity people all the Hospitals

With my stray babes, then geld me.—Wo to the Parish

That bribes me not to spare it. *Ball.* Then for the Die,

He throws it with such art, so pois'd a hand,

That had you left him nothing, that one mysterie

Were a sufficient portion. *Asot.* Will you see me?

Set me a bag. These were an Usurers bones.

Ball. In this behold what frailty lives in man :
He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,
Is after death turn'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw, *Afotus.*

Afot. Then have at all, —and 'twere a million. —All
Fortune was kind : the precious dirt is mine.

Sim. And take it boy, and this — and this beside.
And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
This for your paines, deare Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,
Although to my best power, —alas — come short
Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,
And this reward but chides my insufficiencie.
Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modest — honest — honest man
I'll double it — in faith I will — I am

The joyfull'st father ! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps

Afot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.

Sim. Come higher deare, come, let me kisse my sonne.

Afot. There's a sweet kisse indeed : this 'tis to want
A Tutour. Had you had my education,
You would have ta'ne me by the lillie hand,
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
As wondring at the lustre of their orbs ;
Then humbly beg in language strow'd with flowers,
To taste the cherries of my rubie lip.

God-a-mercy for this, Tutour. *Sim.* I am o'rejoyc'd, I am
o'rejoyc'd. *Exit Simo*

SCEN. II.

Afotus, Ballio.

Afot. WELL, go thy wayes, I may have a thousand fa-
thers,

And never have the like — Well pockets, well,
Be not so sad ; though you are heavie now,
You shall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I must tell you,
I do repent the losse of those good houres,
And would call back the studie I have ta'ne

In morall Alchymie, to extract a Gentleman
Almost out of a dunghill. Still do I see
So much of peasant in you ? *Asot.* Angry, Tutour ?

Ball. Teem'd my invention all this while for this ?
No better issue of my labouring brain,
After so many and such painfull throes ?
Another sinne like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Asot.* The reason, deare Instructour.

Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,
The precise rules and axiomes of Gentilitie ?
And all methodicall ? Yet you still so dull,
As not to know you print eternall stains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your blood
(That cost me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money ? See these Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverend Breeches
Oppost to the fashion by a lump of drosse.

I'll be your bailiff rather. *Asot.* Out infection.

Ball. Who, that beheld those hose, could e're suspect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall ?
What's your vocation ? Trade you for your self ?
Or else whose Journeyman or Prentise are you ?

Asot. Pardon me, Tutour : for I doe repent
And do protest hereafter I will never
Wear any thing that jingles—but my spurs.

Ball. This is gentle. *Asot.* Away mechanick trash:
I'll kick thee, sonne of earth :—thus will I kick thee, —
For torturing my poore father. —Dirt, avant—
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Blest be thy generous tongue.
But who comes here ? This office must be mine :
I'll make you faire account of every drachme.

Asot. I'll not endure the trouble of account :
Say all is spent, —and then we must have more.

SCEN. III.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. **W**Hat Fury shot a viper through my soul
 To poison all my thoughts? Civill dissention
 Warres in my blood: here Love with thousand bows
 And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
 To my poore heart; which, mann'd with nought but fear,
 Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!
 Canst thou, that risest fairer then the morn,
 Set blacker then the evening? — Weak jealousie! —
 Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
 Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile?
 Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?
 The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
 Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;
 No toyish gesture, no desire to see
 The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.
 She is no popular Mistresse; all her kisses
 Do speak her Virgin: such a bathfull heat
 At severall tides ebbes, flowes, flowes, ebbes again,
 As't were afraid to meet our wilder flame.
 But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
 The sleights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool
 Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
 I were undone for ever — wretched Tyndarus!

Asot. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Cockscomb,
 That's jealous of his wife before he has got her,
 And thinks himselfe a Cuckold before marriage.

Ball. Want of a Tutour makes unbridled youth
 Run wildly into passions. You have got
 A skilfull Pilot (though I say it) Pupill,
 One that will steer both you and your estate
 Into safe harbour. — Pray, observe his humour.

Tyn. Away foul sin. — 'Tis Atheisme to suspect
 A devil lodg'd in such divinity.

Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,
If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;
I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the fair shrine of a fairer saint.
O pardon me thy penitent infidell:
By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borroweth that light it has) I henceforth vow
Never to think sinne can be grown so bold
As to assault thy soul. *Asot.* This fellow, Tutour,
Waxes and wanes a hundred times a minute:
In my conscience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

S C E N. III.

Chremylus, Dipsas, Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Dip. **R** O' in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee.
Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse
And play the mother to anothers brat?
And she to nose my daughter?—Take Evadne,
Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go—and provide her
A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.
Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience,
For I will have no patience.—S'lid. Patience? Patience?
Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend:
And should my sonne committed to his care
Thus suffer as the poor Evadne does,
The gods were just thus to revenge her wrong.
Dip. I will not have my house afflicted with her;
She has more suitours then a pretty wench in an University,
While my daughter has leisure enough to follow her needle.
Chrem. Wife, I must tell you y'are a peevish woman.
Dip. And I must tell you y'are an arrant Cockscomb
To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut?
Asot. There will be a quarrel, Tutour: do you take

The old mans part ; I am o'th' womans side.

Chrem. Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd
With blood deriv'd from those whose ancestors
Transmitted in that blood a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family ;
Yet trusted to my care she is my daughter,
And shall share equall blessings with mine own.

Dip. Then a perpetuall noise shall fill thy house :
I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.
Thou shalt confesse the troubled sea more calm ;
That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the aire :
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
Shall be thy constant musick—I can talk.
Thy friends that come to see thee shall grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue :
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd :
And 't shall be sharper ; or were any member
Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it
In thy just torment. I am vext to think,
My best revenge age hath prevented new:
Else every man should read it in thy brew.

Chrem. I will not wind you up, deare laium : Go,
Run out your line at length, and so be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. V.

Dipsas, Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. **H**ere is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are these the joyes we reap i'ta nuptiall bed ?
First in thy bosome waim the snake, and call
The viper to thy arms—O gentle death,
There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.
Wives are but fair afflictions: sure this woman

Was

Scen. 6. *The Jealous Lovers.*

Was woo'd with protestations, oaths and vows,
 As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
 As wise and vertuous as my soul speaks her :
 And may not she or play the hypocrite now ?
 Or after turn Apostate ?—Guilty thoughts,
 Disturb me not. For were the sex a sinne,
 Her goodnesse were sufficient to redeem
 And ransome all from slaughter. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,
 I pitie the unripenesse of your age,
 That cast your love upon a dangerous rock.
 My daughter ! But I blush to own the birth,
 And curse the wombe so fruitfull to my shame.
 You may be wise and happy—or repent.

Exit Dipsus.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. **T**His woman is a devil, for she hates her own children.

Ball. In what an extasie stands that grieved wight !

Asot. In troth I shall into compunction melt.
 Will not a cup of Lesbian liquor rowze
 His frozen spirits to agility ?

Ball. Spoke like a sonne of Æsculapius.

Asot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold
 To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean
 It should profane these breeches. Sure his soul
 Is gone upon some errand, and has left
 The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealousy, I shall account thee now
 No idle passion, when the womb that bare her
 Shall plead her guilt : I must forget her name.
 Flie from my memorie : I will drink oblivion
 To lose the loth'd Evadne. *Asot.* Generous Sir,
 A pottle of Elixir at the Pegasus
 Bravely carouz'd is more restorative.

My

My Tutor shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

Asot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.

Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent.

Tutour, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash

Till he devoure the word Impertinent.

Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrell;
The Epithet of Good hath mollified it.

Asot. We are appeas'd—Be safe—I say—Be safe.

Tyn. Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.

I am too sudden to conclude her false

On such sleight witness. Shall I think the Sunne

Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud

Or envious night hath cast a cloud of darknesse

'Twixt the worlds eye and mine? *Asot.* Canst thou, royall
Burn out the remnant of a day with us? (boy,

Tyn. I am resolved upon a safer triall.

Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies

Fall out about you: for those rare perfections

Can do no lesse then ravish. *Asot.* I confesse—

I cannot walk the streets, but straight the females

Are in a tumult.—I must leave thee, Thebes,

Lest I occasion civill warres to rage

Within thy wals—I would be loth to ruine

My native soil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my instructions,

He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now

But pull the maiden-blossomes of a rose

Sweet as the Spring it buds in, fair Evadne;

Or gain her promise, and that grant confirm'd

By some sleight jewel, I shall vow my self

Indebted to the service, and live yours.

Asot. She cannot stand the fury of my siege.

Ball. At first assault he takes the female fort.

Asot. And ride loves conquerour through the streets of
Thebes. I'll tell you, Sir: You would not think how
many Gentlemen ushers have & do daily indanger their lit-
tle

the legs, by walking early and late to bring me visits from this Lady, and that Countesse. Heaven pardon the sinne ! Ne're a man in this city has made so many chambermaids lose their voices as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray ? *Asot.* By rising in the cold night to let me in to their Madame. If you hear a waiting-woman coughing, follow her: she will infallibly direct you to some that has been a mistress of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tactics to him, and he knows The military discipline of wooing :
To rank and file his kisses : How to muster
His troupes of complements, and—*Tyn.* I do believe you.
Go on—return victorious. O poore heart,
What sorrows dost thou teem with ! Here she comes.

S C E N. VII.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. **A**ND is it possible so divine a Goddesse
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sin
With a Babion as this is ?—My Evadne.
Why should a sadnesse dwell upon this cheek
To blast the tender roses ? spare those tears
To pitie others ; thy unsported soul
Has not a stain in 't to be washt away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve ; thy sorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weakness.

Asot. A pretty enemy. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours ?

Evad. My lord, 't is guilt enough in me to challenge
A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty.
I would your just sword would so courteous be
As to unrip my heart ; there you shall read
In characters sad lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have lost all distrust ; seal me my pardon

In a chaste turtles kisse. The doves that draw
 The rosie chariot of the Queen of Love,
 Shall not be link'd in whiter yokes then we.
 Come let us kisse, Evadne.—Out temptation !
 There was too much, and that too wanton heat
 In thy lascivious lip—Go to the stews ;
 I may perchance be now and then a customer,
 But do abjure thee from my chaster sheets.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne, Ballio, Asotus.

Evad. **T**HEN from the world abjure thy self, Evadne,
 And in thy quiet death secure the thoughts
 Of troubled Tyndarus.—My womanish courage
 Could prompt me on to die, were not that death
 Doubled in losing him. Th'Elysian fields
 Can be no paradise while he's not there :
 The walks are dull without him. *Asot.* Such a qualm
 O' th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward ? Resolution
 Is the best sword in warre. *Asot.* Then I will on,
 And boldly.—Yet—*Ball.* What ? will you lose the day
 E're you begin the battel ? *Asot.* Truly, Tutour,
 I have an ague takes me every day,
 And now the cold fit 's on me. *Ball.* Go home and blush,
 Thou sonne of fear. *Asot.* Nay, then I'll venture on,
 Were she ten thousand strong. Hail heavenly Queen
 Of beautie, most illustrious Cupids daughter
 Was not so fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Asot.* 'T is no matter.
 The fillie Damsell understands no Poetrie.
 Deigne me thy lip as blue as azure bright.

Bal. As red as ruby bright. *Asot.* What's that to th' purpose ?
 Is not azure blue as good as ruby red ?

Evad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
 A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are just,

And

And may requite you with a scorn as great
As that you throw on me. *Asot.* Not kisse a Gentleman?
And my father worth thousands? — Resolution,
Spurre me to brave achievements. *Evadn.* Such a rudenesse
Some Ladies by the valour of their servants
Could have redeem'd. — Ungentle god of Love,
Write me not down among the happier names;
I onely live a martyr in thy flames.

Exit.

Asot. This is such a masculine feminine gender.

Ball. She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

Asot. Yet I got this by struggling. If I fit you not, A diamond
ring out of
her care,
Proud squeamish coynesse. — Tutour, such an itch
Of kissing runnes all o're me. I'll to Phryne,
And fool away an hour or two in dalliance.

Ball. Go, I must stay to wait on fair Techmessa;
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus
As Tyndarus of Evadne. *Asot.* Surely, Tutour,
I must provide me a suit of jealousy:
It will be all the fashion.

SCEN. IX.

Techmessa, Ballio.

Tech. **B**lesse me! what uncouth fancies tosse my brain!
As in yon arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowry plain were met
A troupe of Ladies, and my selfe was one.
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot
Should gentliest presse the grasse, and quickest run.
The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus.
The victorie was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus
Was chosen judge to end the controversie.
Me thought he shard his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troupe, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have descried —

Tech.

Tech. What, Ballio? *Ball.* A frost in his affections
To you;—but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other petticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the Pox a woman,
He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!
Thou hast descried too much.—How sweet it is
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did sound him home,
And with such words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you
Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree still,
While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.

Ball. I'll undertake he shall resigne his weapon,
And forswear steel in any thing but knives,
Rather then venture one small scratch, to salve
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,
Encounter with a pin.

Tech. I am no common mistress, nor have need
To entertain a multitude of champions
To draw in my defence.—Yet had he lov'd me,
He could not hear me injur'd with such patience.
Ballio, one triall more: bring me his sword
Rather resign'd then drawn in my defence,
And I shall rest confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine businesse.
What shall I do? go to a cutlets shop,
And buy a sword like that. O 't will not do.

Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is resolv'd. I will
One way or other. Wit, at a dead list help me.

SCEN. X.

Pægnium, Techmess'a, Ballio.

Pæg. **M**Adame, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What of
him?

Pæg. Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.

Ball. That newes revives me. *Tech.* Haste, Techmess',
then:

What

What dost thou here when Pamphilus is dead ?
 Cast off this robe of clay, my soul, and flie
 To overtake him, beare him company
 To the Elysian groves : the journey thither
 Is dark and melancholy : do not suffer him
 To go alone. *Pag.* Madame, I joy to see
 With how much sorrow you receive his death.
 I will restore you comfort : Pamphilus lives.

Ball. If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.

Tech. Do you put tricks upon me ? we shall have you
 On a little counterfeit sorrow, and a few drops
 Of womans tears, go and perswade your master
 I am deeply in love with him. *Pag.* If you be nor,
 You ought in justice. *Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather
 And tell me what were those three Ladies names
 Your master entertain'd last night. *Pag.* Three Ladies !

Tech. You make it strange now. *Pag.* Madame, by all
 My master bears a love so firmly constant (oathes
 To you, and onely you ; he talks, thinks, dreams
 Of nothing but Techmessa. When he hears
 The sound of your blest name, he turns Chameleon,
 And lives on that sweet ayr. Here he has sent me (He takes
 With letters to you ; which I should deliver downe his
 I know not, nor himsele : for first he writes, I would, no
 And, when the letter likes him not, begins pull out his
 A second style, and so a third and fourth, letters.
 And thus proceeds ; then reads 'em over all,
 And knows not which to send : perchance tears all.
 The paper was not faire enough to kisse
 So white a hand ; that letter was too big.
 A line uneven ; all excuse prevail'd.
 Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,
 That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him with
 Above all blessings heaven can bestow
 (So strange a fanfic has affection taught him)
 That he might have a quill from Cupids wing

Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record
Your praises and his love. I have brought you here
Whole packets of affections. *Ball.* Blessed occasion!
Here is a conquest purchas'd without blood.
Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see
There may a field be won by policie.

*(He steals
away the
sword.)*

Exit.

Tech. Go, *Pagnium*, tell your master I could wish
That I was his; but bid him choose another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to enjoy me;
But bid him not despair. I do not doubt
His constant love to me: yet I suspect
His zeal more fervent to some other saint.
Say I receive his letters with all joy,
But will not take the paines to read a syllable.

Exit.

Pag. If I do not think women were got with riddling, whip
me: *Hocas*, *Pocas*, here you shall have me, and there you shall
have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without
the sieve and sheers. I conceive them now to be ingendred of
nothing but the wind and the weather-cock. What? my sword
gone? Ha! Well. This same pandarly rogue *Ballio* has
got it. He sows suspicions of my master here, because he
cudgels him into manners, and that old scold *Dipsas* hires
him to it. How could such a devill bring forth such an an-
gell as my Lady *Techmessa*? unlesse it were before her fall.
I know all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'em. Heaven
keep me from love, and preserve my eye-sight. Go plot *En-*
gineers, plot on:

I'll work a countermine; and 't will be brave,

An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. **R** Evenge, more sweet then muscadine and
 egges,
 To day I will embrace thee. Healths in
 bloud
 Are souldiers mornings-draughts. Proud,
 proud Evadne

Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,
 And such a wit as can give overthrow
 To male or female, be they—man or woman.
 This can my Tutour do, and I, or—no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus shall learn by this dear knock
 His liberal valour late bestowed upon me,
 Invention lies at safer ward then wit :
 This sword shall teach not to provoke the cruel.

Asot. And by this gemme shall I confound a jewel.
 S'li d, Tutour, I have a wit too: there was a jest *ex tempore*.

SCEN. II.

Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. **P**hyfician's say, there's no disease so dangerous

As when the Patient knows not he is sick.

Such, such is mine. I could not be so ill,
 Did I but know I were not well. The fear
 Of dangers but suspected is more horrid
 Then present miserie. I have seen a man,
 During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death :
 Who, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
 Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,
 I were too blest ; or could I say she's false,
 I could no more be wretched.—I am well :
 My pulse beats musick, and my lively bloud

Dances a healthfull measure.—Ha ! What's this
Gnaws at my heart ? what viperous shirt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh ?

'T is some infection.—*Asot.* Tutour, Let's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My *Asotus* ?

Asot. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'T is love
Is my infection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus :

For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sicknesse in the world

When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self !
How fares the darling of the age ? Say, what successe ?

Asot. Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born
With a caul upon my face ? My mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the trowing hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.

Ball. So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tender flie.

(lawn.

Asot. True, Tutour, true ; for I woo'em with cobweb—

Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses : but my Evadne stands
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milkie way : The Phoenix self,
Although but one,—no virgin : e're I harbour
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid !
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move :
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.

Asot. I do not know where the enchantment lies,
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
Or lip, or cheek, or brow :—but I suppose
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.
Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.
Troth 't is a prettie lassie ; and for a woman

She

love

wn.
b-

She courts in landsome words; and now and then
 A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,
 That having not a heart of flint or steel,
 As mine's an easier temper, — I consented
 To give her, in the way of almes, a night
 Or so: — You guesse the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.
 And must her lust break into open flames,
 To lend the world a light to view her shames?
 Could not she taste her Page? or secretly
 Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms?
 Or practice with her Doctour, and take physick
 In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
 Her stallions up i'th' streets! While sin is modest,
 It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,
 The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.
 I never could observe so strange a boldnesse
 In my *Evadne*. I have seen her cheeks
 Blush as if *Modestie* her self had there
 Lain in a bed of corall. — But how soon
 Is vertue lost in women! *Ball.* Mistake us not,
 Deare *Tyndarus*: *Evadne* may be chaste
 To all the world — but him. And as for him,
Diana's self, or any stricter Goddesse
 Would loose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd
 Magnetick force into him, that attracts
 Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel
 Upon the anvil to what shape he please.
 He knows the minute, the precise one minute,
 No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
 I'll teach you in one fortnight by Astrologie
 To make each Burgesse in all *Thebes* — your cuckold.

Asot. As silly lambs do fill the wolves black jaw,
 And fearfull harts the generous lions paw,
 As whales eat lesser fries; so may you see
 The matrones, maids and widows stoup to me.

Tyn. O do not hold me longer in suspense:

She

The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubtfull triall. Pray confirm me.

Asot. Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings

Asot. If your Evadne be a Phoenix, Tyndarus, (crack!
Some ten moneths hence you may have more o'th'breed.

Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the pathes religion knew. No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjurie. The diamond

Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foild
A glory of more worth then all those toys
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy;
But of no value to my other trophies
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a myserie; I have sweat out such
Variety of trifles, their severall kinds
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots, and shoe-
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (strings,
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip
Thy lazy team, run head-long to the West,
I long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfeted,
To take a pretty breakfast of my leavings—

Tyn. Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious mist
That would infect the aire of her pure fame:
My sword shall purge you forth, base dross of men,
From her refined metall. *Asot.* Bless me, Tutour!
This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why should I
Afflict my self for her? No, let her vanish.
Shall I retein my love, when she has lost
The treasure of her vertue? Stay, perchance

Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance?
 That doubt will call a curse upon my head
 To plague my unbelief.—But here's a witness
 Of too-too certain truth stands up against her.
 Me thinks the flame that burnt so bright dies in me.
 I am no more a captive, I have shak'd
 My fetters off, and broke those gyves of steel
 That bound me to my thralldome.—My fair prison,
 Adieu.—How sweetly breathes this open aire!
 My feet, grown wanton with their libertie,
 Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
 With my advanced head. Come, dear Asotus,
 There are no pleasures but they shall be ours.
 We will dispeople all the elements
 To please our palates. Midnight shall behold
 Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask,
 As envious of our jollities. The whole sex
 Of women shall be ours. Merchants shall proffer
 Their tender brides, Mothers shall run and fetch
 Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to satisfie
 Our liquorish lusts. Then Tyndarus happy call,
 That losing one fair maid has purchas'd all.

Asot. You have an admirable method, Tutour:
 If this fellow has not been i' my heart I 'll be hang'd,
 He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, boon courage—

Ball. You see what more then miracles art can do.

Tyn. And when we have run o're the catalogue
 Of former pleasures, thou, and I, and Ballio
 Will sit and studie new ones. I will raise
 A sect of new and rare Philosophers,
 Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

Asot. And I will raise another sect like these,
 That shall from me be call'd—Asotides.
 Tutour, my fellow Pupill here and I
 Must quaff a bowl of rare Philosophie
 To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

Tyn. Come, blest restorer of my libertie.

Asot. If any friend of yours want libertie
In such a kind as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
Th'Asorides shall grant them libertie.

Tyn. We will be frolick, boy ; and ere we part,
Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndar. & Asot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Techmessa.

Ball. **T**Here is besides revenge a kind of sweetnesse
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,
And kisse the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries.—Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own sword I'll kill thee, and then trample
On thy poore foolish carcase. Techmessa here
Then Fortune wait on my designs, and crown 'm
With a successe as high as they deserve.

Tech. Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel-like in white and spotlesse robes ;
And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fanfic
Presents him black and horrid, all a stain,
More lothsome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fanfic
Presents him in his likenesse. All the sinks
And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him.

Tech. Peace, thou soul tongue. *Bal.* Nay, if you be so squea-
I have no womanish itch to prate—Farewell. (mish,

Tech. Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio.

Ball. Why, I did set you out in more vile colours,
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe
Witch, hag, or furie with. *Tech.* Thou couldst not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost, flesh and blood still.
I said you had a pretty head of hair,
And such as might do service to the State,

for.

Made into halters : that you had a brow
 Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps : that your eyes
 Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're,
 Or full of standing brine : your cheeks were sunk
 So low and hollow they might serve the boyes
 For cherry-pits. *Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
 And not his blood turn choler ? *Ball.* This ? and more.
 I said your nose was like a hunters horn,
 And stood so bending up, a man might hang
 His hat upon't : that I mistook the yeare,
 And alwayes thought it Winter, when I saw
 Two icicles at your nostrils. *Tech.* Have I lost
 All woman, that I can with patience heare
 My self thus injur'd ? *Ball.* I could beat my self
 For speaking it ; but 't was to sound him, Madame.
 I said you had no neck : your chin and shoulders
 Were so good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'em :
 I vow'd your breasts for colour and proportion
 Were like a writheld pair of 'oreworn footballs.
 Your waste was slender, but th' ambitious buttock
 Climbes up so high about, who sees you naked
 Might swear you had been born with a vardingal.

Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy strange description.

Ball. I left, ashamed and weary : he goes on,
 There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips
 Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes : and her teeth
 Look like an old park-pale : Se has a tongue
 Would make the deaf man blesse his imperfection,
 That frees him from the plague of so much noise :
 And such a breath (heaven shield us !), as out-vies
 The shambles and bear-garden for a sent.

Tech. Was ever such a furie ? *Ball.* For your shoulders,
 He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
 Some beam o'th' Temple ; and that's all the use
 Religion can make of you : Then your feet,
 (For I am loth to give the full description)

de

He vows they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwell in one tongue, it could not scandal more.

Is this the man adores me as his saint ?

And payes his morning orisons at my window
Duly as at the Temple ? Is there such hypocrisie

In loves religion too ? Are Venus doves

But white dissemblers ? Is this that Pamphilus

That shakes and trembles at a frown of mine,

More then at thunder ? I must have more argument
Of his apostasie, or suspect you false.

Ball. Whose sword is this ? *Tech.* 'T is his. And this I tied

About the hilt, and heard him swear to fight

Under those colours, the most faithfull souldier

The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.

False men, resign your arms. Let us go forth

Like bands of Amazons : for your valours be

Not upright fortitude, but treacherie.

Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldnesse,

As wou'd have fir'd the chillest veins in Thebes,

To stand in your defence, or else resign

The fruitlesse steel he wore. He bid me take it.

He had not so much of Knight errant in him,

To vow himself champion to such a doxie.

Tech. Then Love, I shoot thy arrows back again,

Return 'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm

To wound a breast will say the dart is welcome,

And kisse the golden pile. I am possesst

With a just anger. Pamphilus shall know

My scorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely resolv'd.

Madame, report not me to Pamphilus

Authour of this : for valour should not talk,

And fortitude would lose it self in words.

Tech. I need no other witnesse then his sword.

SCEN. IV.

Ballio, Afotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. **T**echmessa ? never did I understand
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.

Afot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me ;
We 'll drink a pottle to Liberty, and another
Pottle to th'Afotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides, (des
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped-Techmessa

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Afotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus.

Tyn. **P**amphilus, welcome ; Shake thy sorrows off :
Why in this age of freedome dost thou sit
A captiv'd wretch ? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire ?
Or of some quicker element ? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.

Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not
His native sweetnesse, 't is a joy for you.
But I am all bitternesse. *Ball.* Now, Afotus,
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my atonement with my angry goddess ?
Do you celestiall forms retein an anger
Eternall as your substance ? *Tech.* O fine hair !
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose !
How nectar-sweet his lips are ! and his teeth,
Like two fair ivorie pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmonie. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitie

A beard should over-grow it : and his feet
Past all expression comely.

Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to insult
Upon a prostrate wretch is harder tyrannie
Then to have made him so. *Tech.* And then a shoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Curteous death,
Take wings ; thou art too slow. *Tech.* I could not heare
Those precious parts defam'd, but I durst fight
In the just quarrel. *Tyn.* 'T is a touchy Tiger.
How happy am I that I have scap'd the dennes
Of these she-wolves ! *Ball.* Now my safety lies
Upon a ticklish point—a womans secrecie.
Madame, my reputation is dear to me.

Pam. In what a maze I wander ! how my sorrows
Run in a labyrinth ! *Tech.* I'll untiddle it.

Ball. St, St. The honour of a man at arms.

Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madame, I am all love :

And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some spark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.

Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and must work
Upon a breast so capable as mine.

Afot. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing
but Hocas pocas, Præsto be gone, Come again Jack ; and
such feats of activity.

Tech. But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (To Afotus)
(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)
If you should heare your mistress by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beauty,
Could you have suffered it ? *Afot.* Madame, were you made
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,
And wrong my mistress, you should heare my rage
Provoke

Provoke my blade, and crie, Blade, canst thou sleep
In peacefull scabbard? Out thou beast of terour,
And Lion-like rore this disdainfull wight
To Pluto's shades and ghosts of Erebus.

Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion could resign
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terour of your own steel to redeem

My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the royls of treacherie!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid Jove battel, and besieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly, and with reverence

Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,
May I for ever lose the light I live in, (*Phronesium.*)

The sight of you. *Tech.* I'll try your spirit: *Phro-*

Tyn. That blood of goats should soften Adamant!
And poore weak woman with an idle face
Should make the souldier to forget his valour,
And man his sex!

(*Intrat Phronesium, et exit eurus, sus, et statim intrat cum gladio.*)

Enter Phronesium.

SCEN. VI.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pamphilus,
Phronesium.*

Tech. **H**ere's a champion for you.

Phron. Come, Sir, this sword be yours, and
if you dare

Maintein the lists against me, as I fear
Your blood is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your sword.

Asot. This is another Hercules come from the distaff.

Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet,
And the disgrace of chivalry, *Pam.* O my shame!

Asot.

Aſot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this ſtirn thee not,
Thy miſtreſſe is the blemish of her ſex,
A dirty filthy huſwife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Diſhonour now to kill thee ! *Phron.* If your valour
Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raiſe it. Pray go fetch him
Some *aqua vita* : for the thought of ſteel
Has put him in a ſwound : nothing revive you ?
Then will I keep thy ſword and hang it up
Amongſt my buſk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetual trophy *Exit Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where ſhall I run
And find a deſert, that the foot of man
Ne'r wandred in, to hide from the world's eyes
My ſhame ? S' death, every Page, and ſweaty Footman
And ſopie Chambermaid will point and laugh at me.
Tyn. I joy to think that I ſhall meet *Evadne*
Turn'd on the ſudden Moor. How black and vile
She will appear !

SCEN. VII.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus,
Evadne.*

Tyn. O Heavens ! who will not dare
Henceforth to ſcorn your powers, and call ſacri-
ledge
Merit and piety ? I do not ſee
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail ſuſtain
The brand of her deſerved ſhame. You puniſh
The Queen of beauty with a mole ; but certainly
Her perjurie hath added to her form,
And that the abuſed gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrack'd tenant ſtrives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,

Load

2. *Scen. 7. The jealous Lovers.* 29

Load not weak shoulders with too great a burden.

Tyn. O lust ! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chastity lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars !
Tempt me not, strumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings and other toys,
Purchase your journyemen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaste care
Has been a stranger to such words as these,
I have not sianne enough to understand 'em,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

Tyn. I am turn'd Eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate sunne.
I must be short, who must this ring direct
Into your guilty sheets ? *Evad.* I do not know
How I should lose that pledge of my Lords love :
But 't is not in the power of any thief
To steal away the heart I have vowed yours :
And would to all the gods I had kept it there !

Asot. Come, blush not, bashfull belly-picce—I will meet
I ever keep my word with a fair Lady. (thee :
I will requite that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens array'd in all their starres
Shall not outshine thee. Be not, girl, asham'd.
These are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of those sports
We shall enjoy : then pleasures double rise,
When both we feed, and they shall Tantalize.

Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A virgins fame with hazard of your own.

Asot. Tut, lassie, no matter, we 'll be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine dissembler ! ha ! what tumult 's here ?

Enter Pagnium and officers.

SCEN.

SCEN. VIII.

*Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Evadne,
Pamphilus, Pagnium, and Officers.*

Pag. **T**Hat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.

1. Offic. Villain, we reprehend thee. *Bal.* Slaves, for what?

2. Offic. For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away this little Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medley, 't is flat felonie by statute.

Pam. I thank thee, Innocence. Though earth disclaim Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.

Pag. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly Hang'd for a sign on thine own post. *Bal.* Well, villany, Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 't was you I wrong'd, I do confesse the sword by which I rais'd So strange a scandal on you, was by me Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters From you to your Techmessa; and the plot Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Cursed Tutour, Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning, But th' high way to th' gallows. There shall we Hang up like vermine. Little did I think To make the women weep and sob to see Th' untimely end of two such proper men. This mouth was never made to stand awry, And sure my neck was long enough before. Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg. Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge That striving with felonious intent To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips, From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.

Pag. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.

Tyn. I am again thy servant, mighty love!
O my Evadne, how shall I appear
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?

It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
 But you that should condemn me. *Evad.* Sir, you know
 The power I have is yours : be your own judge,
 And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'T is double life
 Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment
 Shall we inflict on these ? *Asot.* Gentle Lady,
 E'n what you please—but hanging;—that's a death
 My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.
 Besides, it makes a man look like a cat
 When she cries mew. *Ball.* I'll bark and bite awhile
 Before the dogs death choke me. *Asot.* Pray dismiss
 This pack of hounds : and since we both are guilty,
 Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
 The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.

Peg. Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks pretty little
 Gentleman.

Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the mad
 dogs gone ? *Exeunt officers.*

Come Tutour, I must reade a shile to you
 Under correction.—Not so hard, good Tutour.

Tyn. Enough. *Asot.* Nay, one bour I beseech you more
 To make up satisfaction. *Cal.* Well, for this
 I'll have one engine more ; my bad intents
 Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

Asot. Nay we must have the health i' th' crat-tree cup too.
 One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Asotides,
 And one, my dear Instructour, to the Techmessides.

Pam. Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.

Asot. Say you so ? nay, then here's a health to the Pam-
 philides too ;

And, for his noble sake, to the Evadnides,
 And all Philosophic sects whate'r they be.

Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.

Asot. Then I ha' done : farewell, and hearty thanks,
 But, Tutour, stay, this little Gentleman

Has been forgot :—Pray, Sir, what may I call you ?

Pag. My name is Pagnium. — *Asot.* I were most unthankfull

To pass: o're you. — To the Pagniades, Tutour :

You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,

'T was but to exercise your passive valour.

Asot. Your passive valour ? give me your active valour :

I do not like your black and blue valour,

When bones shall ake with magnanimitie.

Exeunt Asot. Ball. Pag.

SCEN. IX.

Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.

Tyn. **B** Rother, I find my soula troubled sea

Whose billows are not fully quieted,

Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,

By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts

Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,

With all the charms that love can teach thee,

Assault Evadne's faith : if thou report her

Constant, I end my jealousy : if frail,

The torrent of my love shall bend his course

To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love

That made us twins, though born at severall births,

That grew along with us in height and strength,

I will be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Ex. Tyn.*

Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That he was not

Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:

To prove a man free from an act of theft,

Affoils him not of murder. No, no, sister ;

Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance

Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman

To raise hot youth to appetite ; if he yeeld not,

I will put off distrust. I do not know

Whom

un-

our:

ag.

Whom I durst trust but you. *Evad.* Though mine own love
Find me enough of businesse, yet in hope
That you will second me in my occasions
I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, *Evadne*,
Lest, while you counterfeite a flame, you kindle
A reall fire.—I dare not be too confident.
Hence will I closely pry into their actions,
And overheare their language ; for if my sister
See with my eyes, she cannot choose but love him
In the same height with me.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa in insidiis.

yn.

t he

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, soft, and active as the Spring, the starre
And glory of our nation, should be prodigall
Of your affections, and misplace your love
On a regardlesse boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pitie
I must return on you. Were I a man
Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,
(As lesse you cannot be) I would not lose
My service to a Mistresse of so coy
And proud an humour : — True, she is my sister ;
But the same womb produces severall natures.
I should have entertain'd so great a blessing
With greater thankfulnesse. *Pam.* That my starres should be
So crosse unto my happinesse ! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruel to me ! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of Fortune ; she 's a goddesse
That has no deitie where discretion reignes.

Evad. But shall I wrong my sister ? *Pam.* Do not I
Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her ?
Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They must be equall necks that can draw even
In the same yoke. *Evad.* I have observ'd, the chariot

om

Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with sparrows ; but the turtle joyns
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.

Pam. See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.

Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathie
Then yours met mine. *Pam.* Let's make the second triall.

SCEN. XI.

Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer, — gentle sister.

Evad. I cannot blame your jealousy: for I find —

Tech. Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips.
There is no tie in nature ; faith in blood
Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,
Fathers, and mothers, are but specious names
Of love and duty : you and I have been
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at least ride
Contrary rodes. *Evad.* Will you then misconstrue
The service I perform'd at your request ?

Tech. Henceforth I'll set the Kite to keep my chickens,
And make the Wolf my shepherd.

SCEN. XII.

Evadne, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.

Tyn. *P* Pamphilus, how is't ? *Pam.* I know not how to
answer thee.

She met me with more courtship then I tender'd.

Tech. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.

Your traitour wears the mask call'd Brother : mine
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.

These eyes are witness, that descried 'em kissing

Cloſer then cockles, and in luſtfull twines
Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met
So neare, and folded in ſo cloſe a knot,
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.

Tyn. Then farewell all reſpect of blood and friendſhip:
I do pronounce thee ſtranger. If there can be
Valour in treacherie, put thy truſt in ſteel
As I do, not in brothers—Draw, or die.

Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name: it is a word
Whets my juſt anger to a ſharper edge.

Pam. Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the ſword.
Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,
Or haſt the altar for ſecuritie,
Religion ſhould not bind me from thy death.
Couldſt thou retreat into my mothers womb,
There my revenge ſhould find thee. I am ſudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Bear me witneſſe, heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

*Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne,
Chremylus, Diſſas.*

Chrem. **P**Ut up for ſhame thoſe rude unhallowed blades,
And let not raſh opinion of a valour
Perſwade you to be Patricides. Pray remember
You thirſt but your own blood. He that o'recomes,
Loſes the one half of himſelf. *Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tyed my hands:
But were my threed of lite meaſur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incenſed ſoul might follow his,
And to eternity proſecute my revenge.

Pam. Brother, at your entreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and, becauſe I found her

Against my mind, too easie to my suit,
 Your rage falls heavie on me. *Tech.* On my knees
 I beg, dear father, cloyster me in darknesse,
 Or send me to the desert to converse
 With nothing but a wildernesse, or expose me
 To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
 So you will free me from the companie
 Of a false sister. *Evad.* Sir, with much perswasion
 She wrought on me to personate a love
 To Pamphilus, to find if I could stagger
 The faith he vow'd to her. Thus have I done,
 And this so much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you see
 The fruits of rashnesse. Do you find your error?
 But the foul spring, from whence these bitter streams
 Had their first head, I fear, is from you, *Dipsas.*

Dip. I will no more denie it: I have sown
 Those seeds of doubt, wishing to see dissension
 Ripe for the sickle—For what cause, I now
 Forbear to speak—But henceforth I will strive
 To clear those jealousies, and conclude their loves
 In a blest nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!
 One Sunny day the exhalation rears
 Into a cloud: at night it falls in tears.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Dipsas, Tyndarus.

Tyn. **I**F it be not immodestieto demand
 So bold a question, I would be resolv'd
 Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly: by all
 holinesse
 My answer shall be true. *Tyn.* When you
 were young,
 And lively appetite revelled in your blood,
 Did you not find rebellion in your veins?

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*Dip.**Di*

Did not the same embraces tedious grow,
 And cause a longing in your thoughts to taste
 Varieties of men ? *Dip.* I blush, I cannot answer
 With a deniall ; not a proper Gentleman
 But forc'd my goatish eye to follow him :
 And, when I had survey'd his parts, I would
 With any losse of honour, wealth, and friendship,
 Have bought him to my bed : and truly, Sir,
 'T was cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence !
 What fruit can I expect the bough should bear
 That grows from such a stock ? *Dip.* I had of late
 Amoneths mind, Sir, to you : Y' ave the right make
 To please a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old picce of lust,
 When she is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
 And tempt worms to adulterate her carcasie.

Dip. And that 's the reason I have cross'd my daughter
 To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir ;
 For though the fewel's spent, there is a spark
 Rak'd up i' th' embers. — But I now desist.
 Please you to go to Ballio's house, my daughter
 Shall meet you there : — I hope that out of dutie
 She will not grudge her mother a good turn
 When she is married — now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no house
 To meet at but this Ballio's ? Is Evadne
 Acquainted there ? is that the rendezvous
 Of her hot meetings ? — yet I still suspect
 This womans malice to her child not lost.
 I will bestow some time, and go to see
 The strange event of this dark myserie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. II.

Dipsas, Ballio.

Dip. **B**ALLIO. *Ball.* Madame. *Dip.* See your house be stor'd
 With the deboifest Roarers in the citie :

Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.
You guesse the rest; if not, this purse of gold
Better inform you.

Exit Diopsa.

Ball. Most celestiall Lady.

Though I have practiced villanie from my cradle,
And from my dug suckt mischief more then milk,
This furie still out-does me. — I am vext,
Vext to the heart, to see a silly woman
Carry more devils in her then my self.
And yet I love thee, — thou the-rogue, I love thee.
Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
Of roads could I beget !

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. **H**ere comes my mole,
The sonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrails
To turn up treasure for his boy and me ;
That with industrious eyes searches to hell
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
Thou age of gold : how do the bags at home ?
Are all the chests in health ? thrives the purse still ?
And sayes it to the talents, Multiply ?

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a swarm. Wealth falls
Not in small drops upon me, (as at first)
But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitie
My boy should not invent sluices enow
To drain the copious stream ? *Ball.* A thousand pities
That you should lose the fruits of so much care.

Sim. True, *Ballio*, true. *Ball.* Trust me, what art can do
Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I 'll not be ungratefull.
It lies in you to turn these silver hairs
To a fresh black again, and by one favour

Cut fourtie years away from the gray summe.

Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers.—*Aside*

Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl

An aged ramme in some enchanted caldron

Till he start up a lamb, I would recall

Your youth, and make you like the aged snake

Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh

As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.

If you will place me where I may unseen

Make my eye witnesse of my sonnes delight,

I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.

Ball. True, Sir, you know he's but your second self,

The same you might have been at one and twenty :

The blisse is boths alike. *Sim.* Most philosophicall !

Ball. Place your self there. *Sim.* I ha' no words but these

To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. IV.

*Afotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Charilus, Thrasymachus,
Hyperbolus, Simo in angulis.*

Afot. **C**ome forth, my Rascalls : Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man

Yclep'd a—Page. Our honour be attended

With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets

Shall with the Bilbo blade and gray goose quill

Grace our retinue.—And, when we grow surly,

Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown ;

Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.

Sim. How they adore him ! and the perilous wagge

Becomes his state : To see what wealth can do,

To those that have the blessing how to spend it !

Ball. Your blessing was the wealth : the art of spending

He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

Thras. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,

And not pay homage to thy potent toe,

Shall be a morsell for the dogs. *Asot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thrasymachus——Thou for this shalt feed.
I will not suffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have seen an armie
Of such a meagre troop, such thin-chapt starvelings,
Their barking stomachs hardly could refrain
From swallowing up the foe, ere they had slain him.

Hyper. If thou command our service, we will die
Dull earth with crimson, till the tears of orphans,
Widows and mothers wash it white again :
Wee'l strow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,
And pay thee tribute thousand heads a day,
Fresh bleeding from the trunk : and panting hearts
Not dead shall leap in thy victorious paw.

Asot. Then say thou too to Hunger——Friend, adieu !
Ballio, condemne a bagge; let trash away,
See'em both arm'd in scarlet cap-a-pe.
Strike top-saile, men of warre. *Ball.* We must divide :
We that serve great men have no other shifts
To thrive our selves, but gelding our Lords gifts.

Sim. Now I am rich indeed : this is true treasure.

Asot. Ha ! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
That you are silent, my Parnassian beagles ?
Is Clio dumbe ? or has Apollo's Jews-trump
By sad disaster lost her melodious tongue ?

Cher. Your praise all tongues desire to speak : but some,
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumb.
The harp of Orpheus blushes for to sing,
And sweet Amphions voice hath crackt a string.

Asot. A witty solecisme; reward the errour ! harp & sing,
voice and string.

Bom. Give me a breath of thunder ; let me speak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noise obstreperous. I will warble
Such bounfing notes shall cleave obdurate marble
Upon mount Caucasus heavens knocking head ;

Boreas

Boreas shall blow my trumpet, till I spread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three sisters,
Till envies cares shall heare it and have blisters,

Afot. O rare close ! a high sublime conceit !
For this I'll sheath thee in a new serge scabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegasean. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our blood come to ! — I have satisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My sacred hunger hath devour'd. *Afot.* Ballio,
Blesse him with twenty drachmes—yet forbear :
Money may spoil his Poet y. Give's some wine,
Here is a whetstone both for wit and valour.

A health to all my beards-men of the sword.

Thr. Hyp. This will engage the men of arms to fight.

Afot. This to the Muses, and their threed-bare tribe.

Cher. Bom. Thou dost engage the learned troupes to write.

Afot. Go sonnes of Mars with young Apollo's brood,
And usher in my Venus : wine hath warm'd
My blood, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting.

*Exeunt Bom, Hyp.
Cher. Thr. for to
fetch in Pho. Afotus
the while is putting
on his armour.*

Bal. Some twenty ages hence 't will be a
question (more :

Which of the two the world will reverence

You for a thriving father, or Afotus

So liberall a sonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good :

But which will they preferre ? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,

Bur must admire your fist, which grip'd so much

That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious starres,

How blest shall I be twenty ages hence !

Some twenty ages hence ! *Ball.* You shall be call'd

A doting Cockscomb twenty ages hence.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

*Charilus, Bomolochus, before personating two Mercuries,
Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in
by Hyperbolus and Thraſſymachus.*

Asot. **H**OW bright and glorious are the beams my ſtarre
Darts from her eye! Lead up my Queen of beauty,
But in a ſofter march, ſound a retreat :
Lead on again, I 'll meet her in that ſtate
The God of warre puts on when he ſalutes
The Cyprian Queen:—Theſe that were once the poſtures
Of horrid battels, are become the muſter
Of Love and beauty. Say, ſweet brace of Mercuries,
Is ſhe th'Olympick—or the Paphian goddeſſe ?

Ball. Where are you Sir, where are you ? *Sim.* In Elyſium, in Elyſium.

Char. This is no goddeſſe of th'—Olympick hall.

Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes iſſue call.

Char. For ſhe nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forreſt takes delight.

Char. Nor is ſhe Muſe. *Bom.* Nor Grace. *Char.* Nor is ſhe one of theſe

That haunt the ſprings, the beauteous Naiades.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is ſhe.

Char. Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards deiry.

Bom. No, ſhe is none of theſe. *Char.* Oh then prepare
To hear her bleſſed name. *Both.* 'T is Phryne fair.

Asot. Phryne the fair ? Oh peace ! if this be ſhe,
Go forth, and ſing the world a fullſabie.
For thy dear ſake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing drummes and grones of ſlaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age agen.

Phryn. Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre,
'T was love of you that forc'd me from my ſphere,
And made me leave my orb without her influence,

To meet you in the furie of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the bloud
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Strygian floud.

Asot. Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.

Ball. Do you hear him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort, *Ballie.*

Asot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world
In crimson flouds and purple deluges.

The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die,
I will have none survive that shall have left

Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms,

As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity

Mankind shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!

Let the conjunction of my milder starre
Temper the too malignant force of thine.

The drumme, the fife, and trumper shall be turn'd

To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,

And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,

To conquer capons and the stubble goose:

No weapons in the age to come be known,

But shield of Bacon, and the sword of Brawn.

Deigne me a kisse, great Warriour. *Asot.* Hogsheads of Nectar
Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.

That kisse hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.

Phryn. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.

Asot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.

Phryn. O let me kisse away all rigour from thee.

Asot. Live, mortalls, live. Death has no more to do.

And yet me thinks a little rigour's left.

Phryn. Thus shall it vanish. *Asot.* Vanish, rigour, vanish.
Harnesse the lions, make my chariot ready:

Venus and I will ride. *Phryn.* How? drawn by lions?

Asot. I, thou shalt kisse 'em till their rigour vanish
(As mine has) into aire. I will have thee play

With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,
 As with a Squirrell. Bears shal wait on thee,
 And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.
 Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.
 Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue
 I have provided thee ? These for thy defense
 'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.
 And these on all occasions shall vent forth
 Swelling Encomiums.—Say, Bomolochus,
 How sings my mistress?

Bom. The Grasshopper chaunts not his autumn quire
 So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

Asot. They'll make thee any thing. Thou art already
 Cricket & Grasshopper.—Chærilus, how does she dance ?

Chæ. Have you beheld the little sable beast
 Clad in an Ebon Mantle, hight a flea,
 Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
 From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,
 Dancing a measure o'r a Ladies smock,
 With motion quick and courtly equipage ?
 So trips fair Phryne o'r the flowry stage.

Asot. Now thou art a flea.—How snorts she as she sleeps ?

Bom. Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale
 Through a grove of sycomore. The soft spring
 Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course
 With sweeter murmur. Ler Amphions lute
 (That built our Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.
 Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be
 The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercurie :
 Yea though the spheres be dumb, I care not for 't :
 No musick such as her melodious snort.

Asot. Melodious snort ! With what decorum spits she ?

Chæ. Like the sweet gummes that from Electar trees
 Distill, or hony of the labouring bees :
 Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre
 Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre ;
 Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits

To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.

Asot. Ballio, present me with the crowns of laurel.
Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
Rise Poets laureat both ! Favour, Apollo !

Both. The Muses and *Asotus* be propitious !

Asot. I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
And peep like fiddlers into Gentlemens rooms,
To shark for wine and radishes ; nor lie sentinell
At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
Some novice for a supper : you shall deal
No more in ballads, to bewail an execution
In lamentable rhythmes : nor beg in Elegies :
Nor counterfeit a sicknesse to draw in
A contribution : nor work journey-work
Under some play-house post, that deals in
Wit by retail : nor shall you task your brains
To grace a Burgesse new post with a Rebus :
Or furnish a young suiter with an Anagramme
Upon his mistresse name : nor studie posies
For rings and bracelets. — Injure not the bough
Of Daphne : know that you are laureat now.

Ball. How like you this discourse ? *Sim.* Excellent well.

It is a handsome laste. If I were young
(As I am not decrepit) I would give
A talent for a kisse. *Phryn.* Come, beauteons Mars
I'll kemb thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,
And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets ;
Then call a livelier red into thy face,
And soften with a kisse thy rugged lips.
I must not have this beard so rudely grow,
But with my needle I will set each hair
In decent order, as you rank your Squadrons.

Asot. Here's a full bowl to beauteous *Phryne's* health.
What durst thou do, *Thrasymachus*, to the man
That should denie it ? *Thras.* Dissect him into atomes.

Hyper. I durst do more for beauteous Phryne's sake.

Thras. What, more then I Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.

Hyper. Yeeld, or I see a breakfast for the crows.

Thras. Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.

Hyper. Then with my steel I whip the rash contempt.

Afot. Brawling, you mastives?—Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.

Phryn. You sha' not be angry: by this kisse you sha' not.

Afot. I will, unlesse you swear again. *Phryn.* You sha' not.

Sim. Ah Ballio! age has made me as dry as tinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.

The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,

And will consume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What's the matter?

Sim. Love, cruel love, I must enjoy that Lady,
Whatever price it cost me. *Ball.* Your sonnes mistresse?

Sim. Sonne or not sonne.—Let this intreat, and this.

Ball. This will perswade. I must remove your sonne,
His furie else will surely stand 'twixt us
And our designs.—Old lecher, I will fir you,
And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,
Emptied and pump't. Spunge, we will squeeze you, spunge,
And send you to suck more.—Invincible Mars.

Afot. What sayes the governour of our younger years?

Ball. You have worn this plot of Mars too stale already.
O shift your self into all shapes of love.

Women are taken with varietie.

What think you of Oberon the King of Fayries?

I know 't will strike her fanfic.

Afot. Businesse calls.

Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

SCEN. VI.

*Ballio, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus,
Bomolochus, Phryne.*

Ball. **P**hryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,
The golden bull that got this golden calf,

Deeply

Deeply in love with her. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
 I'll fleece him.—*Ball.* Melt him, *Phryne*, melt him:
 We must not leave this Mine, till we have found
 The largeness of the vein.—Suck like an horse-leach.
 Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
 An easie path to tread in; 't will direct you
 To your wisht journeyes end, and lodge you safe
 In her soft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
 Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold?
 I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
 And so was I, but I am grown again
 Up to right man.—Thou shalt be my Tutor too.
 Is there no stools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?

Sim. I would vault over them, to shew the strength
 And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.

Sym. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for
 you.

Give me some wine: Mistressse, a health to you:
 Pledge me, and spice the cup with these and these.
 Thou shalt have better gowns. *Thras.* A brave old boy.

Hyper. There's metall in him. *Cher.* I will sing thy praise
 In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
 And chaunt an ode that shall eternize thee.

Phryn. Of what a sweet aspect! how lovely look'd
 Is this fine Gentleman!—I hope you know
 It is in Thebes the custome to salute
 Fair Ladies with a kisse.—*Sim.* She is enamour'd.
 Sure I am younger then I thought my self.
 Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.

Phryn. Good Sir, another kisse: you have a breath
 Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toys with this:
 I'll send thee more. *Phryn.* How ravishing is his face!

Sim. That I should have so ravishing a face,
 And never know it!—Miser that I was!
 I will go home and buy a looking-glasse,
 To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryn. Come, lie thee down by me; here we will sit.
How comely are these silver hairs! This hand
Is e'ne as right to my one mind, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!

Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.

Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melts! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us score kisses up
On one anothers lips. Thou shalt not speak,
But I will suck thy words e're they have felt
The open aire.—*Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

*Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus,
Bomolochus, Phryne, Asotus.*

Asot. **N**OW am I Oberon prince of Fairie land,
And Phryne shall be Mab my Empresse fair:
My souldiers two I'll instantly transform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robin-goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate
Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a pretty whimfie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.
The humour would be excellen, and become me
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmessa.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.

Sym. When shall we marry? *Phryn.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Furie shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart.—O Phryne, Phryne!
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.

But if all this be cunning, as who knows ?

Away, foul sinne. O eyes, what mischief do you see !

Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.
My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stol'n thy heart away. *Phryn.* He ? a poore mushrome !
Your boy ? I should have guess'd him for your father.
He has a skin as wrinkled as a Tortoyse.

I have mista'n him often for a hedge-hog
Crept out on 's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.

Asot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little threed of gold profaned,
Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
A reall rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours : Grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and sell Ph'legethon.

Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.

Asot. I no Asotus am, nor thou my fire,
But angrie and incens'd Oberon.

Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair vpon my head
A picce in gold. — *Asot.* I should send you to the barbour.

Sim. All, all is thine : let me but share
A little in thy pleasures : onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'em. *Asot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,
I will go home and live a drudges life,
As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together :
And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,
Women, and Wine. I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bignesse of a polecat.
I will disclaim his faith that can believe
There is a Tavern, or a Religious place

For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
 And have their beads to fin by.—Get you home.
 You kisse a Gentlewoman to endanger
 Your chattering teeth?—Go, you have done your share
 In getting me : to furnish the next age,
 Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.
 Lie with your mustie bags, and get more gold.
 S'lid, anger me, and I'll turn drudge for certain.

Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me.

Asot. I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.

Asot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

Asot. This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport
 To maintein thine. Thou shalt eat for both,
 And drink for both.—*Asot.* Good: this will qualifie more.

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
 Of half the land I have to this fair Lady.

Asot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir :
 But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.
 To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empresse crown.

Ball. All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains
 And Poets here, and leave the sack for flies?

SCEN. VIII.

*Ballio, Asotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,
 Charilus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.*

Hyp. **T**Hrasymachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done : I'll
 pledge thee,

Though 't were a deluge.—By my steel, you have left
 Enough to drown an island, Chærilus.

Char. And 't were the famous fount of Hippocrene,
 I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
 And all the Muses died for thirst, Bomolochus.

Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high.

Tyn. What nurserie of sinne is this ? what temple
Of lust and riot ? Was this place alone
Thought a fit witness for the knitting up
Chaste and religious love ? Deeds dark as hell,
Incest and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Marriage never lighted
His sacred torch at so profane a den.
It is a cage for screech-owls, bats and ravens,
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious stork, flie hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here ? Is she a parcell
Of the damn'd family ? Are there such white devils
Among their Succuba's ? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne :
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,
Have stung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

*Ballio, Afotus, Cherilus, Simo, Hyperbolus,
Thrasymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.*

Tyn. Blesse me eyes !

My troubled fancie fools me. I am lost
In a distracted dream. It is not she.
Awake thee, Tyndarus : what strange sleeps are these !
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold
A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils
Broke into Paradise ? for the place is such
She blesses with her presence. — Mere contradictions,
Chimera's of a restless brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And whatsoever goddess : else protects
Untouch'd virginity, shield me with your powers.
To what a wilderness have my wandering steps
Betray'd me ! Sure this cannot be a place
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'T is Evadne,
'T is the fair-foul Evadne. Now my sword,

That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,
Go send her soul into another mansion
Black as it self. It is too foul a tenant
For this fair place. Stay yet, too forward steel,
Take her incircled in her stallions arms,
And kill two sinners together.—Let 'em be
At hell to bear the punishment of lust
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies
My maiden fears present me ! Why, I know not :
But this suspicion seldom bodeth good.

Thras. A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize.

Hyper. I do denie't, she's my monopolie.

cher. Perchance she may one of the Muses be,
And then claime I a share for Poetrie.

Evad. If ever silly lambe thus stray'd before
Into a flock of wolves ; or harmlesse dove
Not only made the prey, but the contention
Of ravenous eagles ; such poore soul am I.

Thras. Give me a bussie, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here
A Gentleman in whom there lives a spark
Of vertue not yet out ; I do beseech him,
By all the ashes of his ancestours,
And by the constant love he bears his mistresse,
To rescue innocence and virginie
From these base monsters. I for him will pay
A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from eathly thought, as e're found passage
Through the strict gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for
Away, foul ravishers, I will teach my sword (mc.
Justice to punish you. Such a troupe of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour ! I will quench
With your own bloud the rage of that hot lust
That spurr'd you on to base and bold attempts.

Asot. Flie, Phryne, flie, for dangers do surround.

Sim. This is a pleasure that I care not for.

Exeunt.

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. **L**ady, be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
 An injur'd maid call blessings on your head
 In plenteous showres! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves
 Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victorie
 Wait on your sword: and if you have a mistress,
 May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste
 As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads
 Of drooping flowres: may you have fair children
 To propagate your vertues to posteritie,
 And blessie succeeding times! — *Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf.

Evad. May you and plenty never live asunder.
 Peace make your bed, — and — *Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.
 And nothing now bought at a rate so easie
 As that same high way ware, — Heaven blessie your worship.
 In plain words Lady (I can use no language
 But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.

Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
 Heaven is engag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumstance.
 Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,
 Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks
 In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.

— *Tyn.* You are discourteous, Lady. *Evad.* Let these tears
 Plead for me: did you rescue me from thieves,
 To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd?

Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging
 That may command? — Proud Damsel, I will force thee.

Evad. I thank thee blest occasion: — now I dare
 Defie thee, devil: here is that shall keep
 My chastitie secure, and arm a maid
 To scorn your strength. *Tyn.* Be not too masculine, Lady.

Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
 And force my bloud a passage, that in anger

*She snatcheth a
 stiletto out of
 his pocket.*

Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly
 Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!
 By all those powers that the blest men adore,
 And the worst fear, I have no black design,
 Upon your honour; onely as a souldier
 I did desire to prove whether my sword
 Had a deserving cause: I would be loth
 To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you
 Full weight, I'll wear his life upon my point
 That injures so much goodnesse. *Evad* You speak honour.

Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,
 'Bove all thy kalendar. Now I find her gold.
 Thistouchstone gives her perfect. The discovery
 Of ne'r found kingdomes, where the plough turns up
 Rich oare in every furrow, is to this
 A poore successe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
 And I dare boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. Great Queen of love, sure when the labouring sea
 Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,
 Her violent throes had rais'd a thousand storms.
 Yet now, I hope, after so many wracks
 That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,
 Thou now wilt land me safe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus: here?
 He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house
 Of toleration. She had spied me out
 Through my disguise: and with what studied art,
 What cunning language, how well acted gesture,
 How much of that unbounded store of tears
 She wrought on my credulitie! The Fox,
 Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
 Have been distill'd to make one woman up.

Exit.

Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den!

A spoil to rapine ! what defense, poore maid,
 Hast thou against these wild and savage beasts ?
 My starres were cruel : If you be courteous eyes,
 Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in 't,
 And be Physicians to my sorrows now,
 That have too long been Heralds of my grief.
 My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
 More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair *Evadne*.

Evad. Is any left so courteous to wish health
 To the distress'd *Evadne* ? *Pamphilus* ?

Pam. Is my *Techmessa* here ? *Evad.* Now all the gods
 Preserve her hence ; there is in hell more safety
 Among the Furies. — Mischiefe built this house
 For all her family. Gentle *Pamphilus*,
 See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,
 This horrid vault of lust.

S C E N. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne.

Pam. Take comfort, Lady.

Your honour stands safe on this guard, while I
 Can use a sword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.

Tyr. How close they winde, like glutinous snakes ingen-
Tech. Well sister, I shall studie to requite (dring !
 This courteous treacherie. *Evad.* *Pamphilus*, in me
 All starres conspire to make affliction perfect.

Pam. Wait on heavens pleasure, Madame : such a one
 The heavens ne'r made for misery, they but give you
 These crosses as sharp sauce to whet your appetite
 For some choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you
 Through a vault dark and obscure as hell,
 To make your Paradise a sweeter prospect.

— Thus I seed

O hers with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.

Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tech. Why should we toil thus in an endless search
Of what we now behold?—Let us grow wise.
I loath false Pamphilus—yet I could have lov'd him:
And, if he were but faithfull, could do still.

Tyn. Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus?
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother?
Methinks Evadne should be kinder to me.

Techmessa, joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Asotus.

SCEN. XIV.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus.

Tyn. O Ballio, 't is in you and dear Asotus
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be happy.

Tyn. I'll make you two joynt-heirs of my estate,
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands; and bear us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence we'll make escape,
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Asot.* Would you not both
Be buried in one coffin? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply:—hear you, Tutour,
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,
And choke with a hempen squincy? *Tyn.* To secure you,
We'll write before what we intend to act:
Our hands shall witnesse with your innocence.

Ball. Well: come the worst, I'll venture;—& perchance
You shall not die in jest again o'th' sudden.

Tyn. What strange Meanders Cupid leads us through!
When most we forward go we backward move.
There is no path so intricate as love.

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Afotus, Charilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servant.

Ball. **C**arry these letters unto Chremylus house.
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,
And certifie 'em of this sad event.
It will draw tears from theirs—as from
my eyes,

Because they are not reall obsequies.

Afot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to expresse it,
Unlesse I should be dumbe!—Sob,—sob, Afotus.
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
With lamentation and distress'd condoling,
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle
Of mans mortalitie.—O my dearest Tyndarus!

Thras. Learn of us Captains to out-face grimme Death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Afot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
I'de scratch his eyes out.—O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa
Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have seen thousands sigh out souls in groines,
And yet have laugh'd:—it has been sport to see
Amangled carcase broch'd with so many wounds,
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Afot. Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish,
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O—Techmessa, Death has swallowed thee,
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

Char.

Char. Chase hence these showres, for since they both are
Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread. (dead,

Bom. Inexorable sisters!—Be not sorry:
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory.

Afot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vinegar
To rail on Mors, cruel—impartiall Mors:
The savage tyrant—all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:
Mors that respects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that spares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts
not:

Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet.

Thras. If Mors were here, the Skeleton should know
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving
Our noble Generall—Courage boon chevalier!

SCEN. II.

*Simo, Afotus, Ballio, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,
Cherilus, Bomolochus.*

Sim. Why is my boy so sad?—Tell me, *Afotus*:
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.

Afot. O sad mischance! *Sim.* What grieves my hope, my
My staff, my comfort? *Afot.* Wofull accident! (joy,

Sim. Have I not barricadoed all my doors,
And stopt each chink and cranny in my house,
To keep out povertie and lean misfortune?
Where crept this sorrow in? *Afot.* Here, through my heart.
O father, I will tell you such a storie,
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,

'Twill crack your purse-strings. *Sim.* Ha? what storie, boy?

Afot. My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.
—And, to augment my sorrow,—kill'd himself.
And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,

Left

Left me and Ballio—his estate.—*Sim.* Alas!
Is not this counterfeit sorrow well exprest?

Ball. But I grieve truly that I grieve in jest.

Sim. Half his estate to thee, and half to Ballio?

A thousand pities.—Gently rest his bones.

I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you see,

If you had left him nothing, my instructions

Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich

In nothing but a Tutour.—Good *Afotus*,

Though sorrow be a debt due to the herse

Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf

Under whose roof he lodges; yet we must not

Be too immoderate. *Afot.* Bear me witness, heaven:

I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no perswasions

(What e'r the wicked and malicious world

May rashly censure) to instigate these two

To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;

All of you know that I am ignorant.

Enter Phryn.

Phryn. Where is my love? shall sorrow rivall me,

And hang about thy neck? If grief be got

Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out.—Dear chicken,

You sha' not be so sad, indeed you sha' not.

Be merry: by this kisse I'll make you merry.

Afot. Then wipe my eyes.—Thus when the clouds are
gone

The day again is gilded by the sunne.

SCEN. III.

*Ballio, Afotus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus,
Charilus, Bomolochus, Sexton.*

Afot. Who's within here? *Sext.* What's the matter
without there?

Afot. Ha! What art thou? *Sext.* The last of railours, Sir,
that ne'r take measure of you, while you have hope to wear

a new suit.

Asot. How dost thou live? *Sext.* As worms do:—by the dead.

Asot. A witty rascal. Let's have some discourse with him.

Thras. Are any souldiers bones in garrison here?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poore travellers Take up their Inne by chance: but some there be.

Thras. Do not those warlike bones in dead of night Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broys Waken the dormise that dull peace hath lul'd Into a lethargie?—Dost not heare 'em knock Against their coffins, till they crack and break The marble into shivers that intombs 'em; Making the temple shake as with an earthquake, And all the statues of the gods grow pale Affrighted with the horreur? *Sext.* No such matter.

Hyper. Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortall, Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs, And crush the skulls that dare approach too near Their honour'd graves?—When I shall come to dwell In your dark family, if a noysome carcase Offend my nostrills with too rank a sent, Know—I shall rage—and quarrel,—till I fright The poore inhabitants of the charnell house: That here shall run a toe, a shin-bone there: Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away: One way a crooked rib shall halting hie, Another you shall trundling find a skull. Like the distracted citizens of a town Beleaguer'd,—and in danger to be taken,

Asot. For heavens sake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones By some precise religious officer, One that will keep the peace.—These roring captains, With blustering words and language full of dread, Will make me quit my tombe, and run away Wrapt in my winding sheet;—as if grim Minos,

Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth
 Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.
 This was a captains skul, one that carried a storm in his
 countenance, & a tempest in his tongue: The great bug-
 beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the stairs as fa-
 miliarly as quart-pots; and had a pension from the Bar-
 bour-chirurgeons for breaking of pates: A fellow that had
 ruin'd the noses of more bawds and pandars then the disease
 belonging to the trade. — And yet I remember when
 he went to buriall, another corse took the wall of him, &
 the bandog ne'r grumbled.

Asot. Then skul (although thou be a Captains skul)
 I say thou art a coward, — and no Gentleman;
 Thy mother was a whore, — and thou liest in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

Asot. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jest
 To show my reading in moralitie.

Char. Do not the ashes of deceased Poets
 Inspir'd with sacred furie carroll forth
 Enthusiastick raptures? Dost not heare 'em
 Sing mysteries, and talk of things conceal'd
 The rest of mortall judgements? Dost not see
 Apollo and the Muses every night
 Dance rings about their tombes? *Rom.* Do not roses,
 Lillies, and violets grow upon their graves?
 Shoots not the laurell, that impal'd their brows,
 Into a tree, to shadow their blest marble?
 Do not they rise out of their shrowds to reade
 Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not
 Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not
 Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
 From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,
 To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
 Prate they not cataraacts of insensible noise,
 That with obstreperous cadence cracks the organs
 Aeromatick, till the deaf auditour

Admires the words he heares not.

Sext. This was a Poeticall noddle. O the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out o' these chaps that yawn so ! He has not now so much as a new-coyn'd-complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, & yet have ne'r a jeer put upon him. His mistress had a little dog deceased the other day, and all the wit in this noddle could not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead : for while he lived, he ne'r left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish ; and is happier dead then alive : for he has now as much money as the best in the companie, — and yet has left off the Poeticall way of begging, call'd Borrowing.

Asot. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.

Where be the querks and tricks > show me again

The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,

Thou Poets skull, and say, What 's rhytme to chimney ?

Sext. Alas ! Sir, you ha' pos'd him : he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, and never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a libell upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet cunieve it handsomely.

Me thinks the darknesse of the night should prompt me

To a plot of that complexion. — Ruminare,

Ruminare, Ballio. *Phryn.* Pray, Sir, how does death

Deal with the Ladies ? Is he so unmannerly

As not to make distinction of degrees ?

I hope the rougher bones of men have had

More education then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler stuff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madame: he makes no distinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the general mistress, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of stars in these two auger-holes: or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintein half a dozen of severall silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiss'd these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madames boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth. She was the coyest, overcurious dame in all the citie: her chambermaids misplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to.—Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this physnomie of hers in a looking glasse, what a monster would she imagine her self! Will all her perrukes, tyres and dresles, with her chargeable teeth, with her cerusse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctour, make this Idole up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaister fair:

But when the house is fall'n, 'tis past repair:

Phryn. No matter, my Asotus: Let death do
His pleasure then, we 'll do our pleasures now.

Each minute that is lost is past recall.

This is the time allotted for our sports,

'T were sinne to passe it. While our lips are soft,

And our embraces warm, we 'll twine and kisse.

When we shall be such things as these, let worms

Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off,

It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Asot. And when we die, we die. We will be both embalm'd

In precious unguents to delight our sense,

And in our grave we 'll buggle, and hug, and dally

As we do here: for death can nothing be

To him that after death shall lie with thee.
 Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple ;
 But not interre them ; — for they both are guilty
 Of their own bloud, — till we make expiation
 T'assoyl the fact. — Tutour, reward the Sexton.
 I'll come sometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, my Pupill gives you : — but hereafter
 I'll more then treble it, if you be no enimie
 To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit 's my religion.

Asot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,
 Usher my living mistress home again.
 Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares :
 Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.

SCEN. IV.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. **S**taphyla, why Staphyla : I hope she has ta'ne her
 last sleep. Why when Staphyla ?

Staph. What a life have I, that can never be quier, I can
 no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, Staphyla,
 Staphyla. What 's the news ?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where ? or from whom ?

Sext. Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the
 highway to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thi-
 ther. Thou and I have been land-pirates this six and thirty
 years, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers.
 Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their
 clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou
 shalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

Staph. Truly, husband, I have had such fearfull dreams
 to night, that I am perswaded (though I think I shall never
 turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, me
 thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took
 heart, and rob'd us.

Sext.

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is groundd on rules of charitie. Is it fitting the dead should be cloth'd, and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and securitie in these attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers skull. There was a tongue in 't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum bag, not leaving him so much as a poore half-penny to pay for his waftage: and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded against me, how would he have thundred it! — Behold, most grave judges, a fact of that horrore and height in sinne, so abominable, so detestable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cause presented to the admiration of your ears. I cannot speak it without trembling, 't is so new, unus'd, so unheard-of a villanie. But that I know your Lordships confident of the honestie of your poore Oratour, I should not hope by all my reasons, grounds, testimonies, arguments, and perswasions to gain your belief. This man, said I a man? this monster rather: but monster is too easie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having lost all honesty, and abjur'd the profession of virtue, robb'd: (a sinne in the action) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is sufficient to condemne him. I say, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor spin, nor make new ones, O 't is most audacious and intolerable! — Now you have well spoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick put your

hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o' th' cockscombe with his spade, and never stand in feare of an action of batterie.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but insooth I will not make a common practice of it: Knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this.—Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the sun! Come, we must strip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.

O, O, O!

Staph. Heaven shield me! O, O, O!

Tyndarus and Tech. rise from the coffins, and the Sexton and his wife affrighted fall into a swoon.

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmessa.

Tyn. **H**ow poore a thing is man, whom death it self Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!

Is 't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd
On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear
Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us
So many buts of clay, at which the gods
In cruel sport shoot miseries.—Yet, I hope,
Their spleene 's grown milder, and this blest occasion
Offers it selfe an earnest of their mercy.
Their sinnes have furnisht us with fit disguises
To quiet our perplexed souls. Techmessa,
Let me aray you in this womans robes.
I'll wear the Sextons garments in exchange.
Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs.

Tech. Dear Tyndarus!

In all my life I never found such peace
As in this coffin: It presented me
The sweets that death affords.—Man has no libertie
But in this prison.—Being once lodg'd here,
He 's fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,

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No sorrows, cares, or wild distractions
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.

Tyn. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
These two offenders. *Tech.* But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
E're lov'd us living, they will haste to make
Atonement for our soules stain'd with the guilt
Of our owne blood: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage
To their close loves: and with those thoughts possess'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For those that leave the warfare of this life
Without a passe from the great Generall.

Tech. I hope they may prove constant. *Tyn.* So pray I.
I will desire yon statue be so courteous
To part with 's beard a while.—So, we are now
Beyond discovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Staph.* O, O, O!

Tyn. Let 's use a charm for these.

*Quiet sleep, or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boyling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake:
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake.
And therefore dare not yet to wake.*

Tech. *Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see
The horrid bags of Tartarie,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three,
The worst is call'd Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternitie.
And therefore sleep thou peacefully.*

Tyn. But who comes hither? *Ballio*; what's his business?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Ball. *S*Exton, I'll open first thine ears with these,
To make 'em fit to let persuasions in.

Tyn. These, Sir, well cure my deafness. *Ball.* Art thou mine?

Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'll pay double for thee.

Shall I prevail in my request? *Tyn.* Ask these——

Ball. Th' art apprehensive: to the purpose then:
Have you not in the temple some deep vault
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:
We to night perform'd the last of service
That picture can pay to our dead friends.

Tyn. 'T was charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'em hither

To their last home.—Now, Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes
Denie 'em buriall. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendship cannot be so soon forgot;
Especially so firm a one as ours.)

To have 'em cast a Prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, these religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you
To cast their coffins into some deep vault
And to interre 'em.—O my Tyndarus,
All memorie shall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impression of that love I bear thee.
Thou left'st me half of all the land thou hadst;
And should I not provide thee so much earth
As I can measure by thy length, heaven curse me!

Tyn. Sir, if your courtesie had not bound me yours,

This

May they live long and wretched ; all mens hate,
 And yet have miserie enough for pitie :
 May they be long a dying——of diseases
 Painfull and lothsome : ——Passion, do not hurrie me
 To this unmanly womanish revenge.
 Wilt thou curse, Tyndarus, when thou wear'st a sword ?
 But ha, heark, observe !——

S C E N. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Pam. Wait till we call.

Heaven, if thou hast not emptied all thy treasury
 Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,
 To lay on more. What torments hast thou left,
 In which thou hast not exercis'd my patience ?
 Yet cast up all th' accounts of all my sorrows,
 And the whole summe is trebled in the losse
 Of dear Techmessa. *Tech.* If this grief were resall !

Tyn. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have stood the rest
 Of your afflictions : with this one I fell,
 Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage
 Of thousand violent billows, and withstood
 Their fierce assaults, untill the working Tide
 Had undermin'd him : then he falls, and draws
 Part of the mountain with him. *Evad.* Phamphilus,
 When did you see my sweet-heart ? pritheee tell me,
 Is he not gone a maying ?——he will bring me
 Some pinks and dayies home to morrow morning.
 Pray heaven he meet no thieves ! *Pam.* Alas, Evadne !
 Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What shall I do ?
 I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd :
 Yet I will make this triall full and perfect.
 What at this dismall houre, when nothing walks
 But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets
 To visit our dark cells, inhabited

By death and melancholy ? *Evad.* I am come
To seek my true love here. Did you not see him ?
He 's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.

Tech. Sir, what cause
Enforc'd you hither ? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.

Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you ?
Did you admit no love into your bosome
But onely his ? *Evad.* Alas ! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man but him ?

No, Tyndarus, I will not long out-live thee :
We will be married in Elysium,
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change a thousand kisses ;—you sha'nt see us.

Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or greif
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,
To her whose death you now so much lament ?
For by those prodigies apparitions
That have to night shak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconstancie
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.

Pam. The Sunne shall change his course, and find new
paths

To drive his chariot in : The Loadstone leave
His faith unto the North : ——— The Vine withdraw
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm
In her kind arms : ——— But, if I change my love
From my *Techmessa*, may I be recorded
To all posterity Loves great Apostate
In Cupids annals. *Evad.* If you see my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.
I will but weep a while first. *Tyn.* Prettie sorrow !

Tech. Sir, you may veil your falshood in smooth lan-
And gild it o're with fair hypocrisie : (guage
But here has been such grones ; Ghosts that have cried

In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O false Pamphilus !
 Revenge on Pamphilus ! Such complaints as these
 The gods ne're make in vain.

Pam. Then there is witchcraft in 't. And are the gods
 Made parties too against me ? — Pardon then
 If I grow stubborn. — While they prest my shoulders
 No more then I could bear, they willingly
 Submitted to the burden. — Now they wish
 To cast it off — What treachery has brib'd you,
 Celestiall Formes, to be my false accusers ?
 I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
 And reade the secret characters of my heart)
 Give in your verdict : did you ever find
 Another image graven in my soul
 Besides Techmessa ? No ! 'T is hell has forg'd
 These slie impostures ! all these plots are coyn'd
 Out of the devils minrage. *Tech.* Certainly
 There 's no false fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.

Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
 My Tyndarus with my tears. *Tyn.* There gentle Lady.

Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertain
 A jewel of such value ? *Pam.* Where must I
 Pay my devotions ? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.

Evad. Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly presse thee;
 And mayst thou find those joyes th' art gone to taste,
 As true as my affection. Now I know
 Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
 Expect my quick arrivall : for the soul
 Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns
 Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
 Aguilt upon thy blood, thus I'll redeem it (*offers to kill her*
 And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady ? (*self.*

Evad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.

If you were dead, who then were left to make
 Lustration for his crime ? shall foolish zeal

Perfwade you to a hasty death, and so
Leave Tyndarus to eternitie of flames ?

Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus ; I will onely see
That office done, and then I 'll follow thee.

Pam. Thou gentle soule of my deceased love,
If thou still hover'st hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus. ——— If i ever think
Of woman with affection, but Techmessa,
Or keep the least spark of a love alive
But in her ashes, let me never see
Those blessed fields where gentle lovers walk
In endlesse joyes. ——— Why do I idly weep !
I 'll write my grief in bloud. *Tech.* What do you mean ?
Pam. Techmessa, I am yet withheld ; but suddenly
I 'll make escape to find thee. *Tech.* O blest minute !

SCEN. IX.

Dipsus, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa.

Dip: **W**Here shall I flie to hide me from my guilt ?
It follows me, like those that run away
From their owne shadows : that which I would shun
I bear about me. ——— Whom shall I appease ?
The living, or the dead ? for I have injur'd
Both you and them. ——— O Tyndarus, here I kneel,
And do confesse my selfe thy cruel murtheresse ;
And thine, Techmessa. ——— Gentle daughter, pardon me,
But how shall I make satisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have lost two ?
Oh Pamphilus ! my malice ruin'd thee,
But most Evadne : for at her I aim'd,
Because she is no issue of my wombe,
But trusted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a stepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty should eclipse
My daughters honour. ——— But the gods in justice

Have

Have ta'n her hence to punish me. — My sinnes
March up in troupes against me — But this potion
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:
I will revive *Techmessa*. *Dips.* O sweet daughter!

Pam. Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, *Evadne*;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear.
Take hence these coffins, I will have them born
Trophies before me when we come to tie
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousy
Hath added strength to our resolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day:
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Demetrius solus.

Hail, sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed soil,
And on my knees salute thy seven gates.
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy
floods

Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then
With Warre, that sought the ruine of those walls
Which Musick built. When Minos cruel tribute
Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
His ravenous Minotaure; I for safety fled
With my young sonnes, but call'd my Countries hate
Upon my head, whom miserie made malicious.
Each father had a curse in store for me,
Because I shar'd not in the common loss;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage

Eager

Eager against me. I will therefore studie
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN. II.

Demetrius, Asotus.

Asot. I Have heard my mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth than teeth,
(Peace with her soule where e're it be) affirm,
Marry too soon, and you 'll repent too late.
A sentence worth my meditation :
For marriage is a serious thing : perchance
Fair Phryne is no maid ; for women may
Be beaucous yet no virgins. Fair and chaste
Are not of necessarie consequence.
Or being both fair and chaste she may be barren ;
And then when I am old, I shall not have
A boy—to dote on as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Asot. A pretty complement What art thou, fellow ?

Dem. A Register of heaven, a privie Counsellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houses, Tutour to the Fates,
That taught 'em th' art of spinning ; a live Almanack,
One that by speculation in the starres
Can foretell any thing. *Asot.* How ! foretell any thing ?
How many years are past since Thebes was built ?

Dem. That is not to foretell : you state the question
Of times already past. *Asot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things past as things to come ?
Say, Register of heaven, and privy Counsellour
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,
(For I shall ne're be able to repeat 'em all)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married ?

Dem. Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendent,
I find with Luna corporally joy'd

To the Almutes of the seventh house,
Which is the matrimoniall family :
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.
And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation
Or Tetragon, which shews an inclination
Averse, and yet admitting of reception.
It will, although encounred with impediment,
At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha ! what bold impediment
Is so audacious to encounter me ?
Be he Almutes of what house he please ;
Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile ;
I doe not fear him with his radiations,
His Tetragons, and inclinations :
If he provoke my spleene, I'll have him know
I souldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets
Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Rhythme'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

Dem. Good words.

There's no resistance to the laws of Fate.
This sublunary world must yield obedience
To the celestiall virtues. *Asot.* One thing more
I would desire to know : Whether my spouse
That shall be be immaculate. I'd be loth
To marry an Advowson that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'll resolve you instantly.
The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be,
A shrewd suspicion,—she has been strongly temptred.
Asot. The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.
I feel a kind of sting in my head already.

Dem. And Mars being Landlord of th' eleventh house,
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies
The maid has been in love ; but the Aspect
Being without reception layes no guilt
Of act upon her.

Asot. I shall be jealous presently :

For the Ram is but an ill sign in the head :
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.

Dem. But when I see th' Ascendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt signes,
I do conclude her virgin pure and spotlesse.

Asot. I thank th' Ascendent, and his noble Lord,
He shall be welcom to my house at any time,
And so shall mistresse Moon with all her angles
And her fixt signes. But how come you to know
All this for certain ? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabalists,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull :

As *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abobali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gasar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Benefaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

Asot. Are *Asta*, *Baruch*, and *Abobali*,
With all the rest o' th' jury, men of credit ?

Dem. Their words shall go as farre i' th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Asot.* I am beholding to 'em.
Another scruple yet : — I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old ;
Such as will spend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have such fine dreams in my grave.

Dem. Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not see
In all your horoscope one sign masculine ;
For such portend sterilitie. *Asot.* How 's that, man ?
Is 't possible for any man to ha' children
Without a sign masculine ? *Dem.* Sir, you mistake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Ascendent is not elevated
Above the Almutes of the filial house :
Venus is free, and Jove not yet combust :
And then the signifier being lodg'd
In watry signes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fish,
Foreshew a numerous issue of both sexes.
And Mercury in 's exaltations

Plac'd in their angles, and their points successive,
Beholds the Lords of the Triplicities
Unhindered in their influence. You were borne
Under a getting constellation,
A fructifying starre.—Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father. *Asot.* Happy be the houre
I met with thee ! I'll ha' thee live with me.
Thou shalt be my domesticall Astronomer.
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,
To furnish thee with verses for each moneth.
Sir, since the gracious starres do promise me
So numerous a troupe of sonnes and daughters,
'T is fit I should have my meanes in my owne hands
To provide for 'em all : therefore I faine would know
Whether my father be——long-liv'd or no.

Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
To Saturne ; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Westerly position.
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun
In opposition, both sinisterly
Fall'n from their corners, plainly signifies
He cannot long survive. *Asot.* Why who can help it ?
There 's no resistance to the laws of Fate :
This sublunary world must yeild obedience
To the celestiall vertues.—Were't not providence
To bespeak mourning elokes against the funerall ?

Dem. 'T is good to be in readinesse. *Asot.* If thou be
So cunning a prophet, tell me ; Do I mean
To entertein thee for my wizzard ?

Dem. Sir,
I do not see the least Azymenes,
Or planetary hindrance. Alcocoden
Tells me you will. *Asot.* Tell Alcocoden then
He is i' th' right. Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus ! *(Enter Thrasym.
Hyperb.)*
We have increas'd our family : see him enroll'd.
He is a man of merit, and can prophesie.

Thras. We'll drench him in the welcom of the cellar,
And trie if he can prophesie who falls first.

Asot. How will the world admire me, when they see
My house an Academie, all the arts
Wait at my table, every man of qualitie
Take sanctuary here ! I will be patrone
To twenty liberall sciences.

SCEN. III.

Asotus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair sunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Asot.* Quondam
Tuteur,

(For I am past all tuition but my wifes)
Thanks for your wishes ; have you studied yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may expresse my grief
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne ? *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To find out a right garb : wear these two clokes.
This sable garment, sorrows Liverie,
Speaks funcrall : this richer robe of joy,
Sayes 't is a nuptiall solemnitie.

Asot. A choice device :— I'll practice. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Asotus, Ballio, Simo.

Sim. G Ood morrow, boy : how flowes thy blood, *Asotus,*
Upon thy wedding-day : 'is it spring-tide ?
Find'st thou an active courage in thy bones ?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandfire ? ha ?
O, I remember with what sprightly courage
I bedded thy old mother, and that night

Bid fair for thee, boy: how I curst the ceremonies,
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points
Too slowly! 'T was a happy night, Asotus.

Asot. How sad a day is this! methinks the sunne
Affrighted with our sorrows should run back
Into his Eastern palace, and for ever
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he shew
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
And fair Techmessa? I will weep a flood
Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos
Shall muffle up the lamentable world
In sable clokes of griefe and black confusion!

Sim. What ails my boy? unseasonable grief
Shall not disturb thy nuptials. — Good Asotus,
Be not so passionate. *Ball.* What incomparable mirth
Would such a dotard and his humorous sonne
Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen
Had the expression! *Asot.* Now the t'other cloke.
In what a verdant weed the spring arayes
Fresh Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields
With all her tapestrie! and the Choristers
Of every grove chant Carolls! Mirth is come
To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive
To grace our nuptials. Let us sing and dance,
That heaven may see our revels, and send down
The planets in a Masque, the more to grace
This dayes solemnitie. *Sim.* I, this, Asotus;
There's musick, boy, in this. *Asot.* Now this cloke again.
You gods, you overload mortalitie,
And presse our shoulders with too great a weight
Of dismall miseries. All content is fled
With Tyndarus and Techmessa. Ravens croak
About my house, ill-boding schrich-owls sing
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.
Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste

The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus,
 And faire Techmessa from the world are gone?
 No, pardon me, you gentle ghosts; I vow
 To cloister up my grief in some dark cell:
 And there, till grief shall close my blubber'd eyes,
 Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is distracted!
Afotus, do not grive so: all thy sorrows
 Are doubled in thy father: Pitie me,
 If not thy self; O pitie these gray hairs,
 Pitie my age, *Afotus*. *Afot.* What a silly fellow
 My father is that knows not which cloke speaks!
 Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.
 Cast off those tropheys of your wealthy baggery,
 And clad your self in rich and splendent weeds,
 Such as become my father: Do not blemish
 Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
 As glorious as the sunne. Set forth your self
 In your bright lustre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
 Was there ever father so fortunate in a child? *Exit Sim.*
Afot. Do not I vary with decorum, *Ballio*?
Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
 On a Chameleon. *Afot.* Nay, I know my Mother
 Was a Chamaleon: for my father allowed her
 Nothing but aire to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Afotus, Phryne.

Phryn. **R**ises Aurora with a happy light
 On my *Afotus*? *Afot.* Beauteous *Phryne*, wel-
 Although the Dragons tail may scandal thee, (come:
 And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme;
 Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt signes
 Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my dear?
Afot. Thy dear, my beauteous *Phryne*, means the same
 With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Casar, with *Asa*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencus*,

With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Alphubetes*.

Phryn. I feare you ha' studied the black art of late.

Afol. Ah Girl! Th'—Almutes of the filial house
Is not depress'd, Venus is free, and Jove
Not yet combust : the signes are watry signes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aspect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn*. What of all this?

Afol. We shall have babies plenty : I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readinesse ;
I long to tie the knot : at night we 'll make
A young *Afolus*. *Phryn*. Health attend you, Sir. *Exit Phryn*.

SCEN. VI.

Dipsas, *Tyndarus*, *Evadne*, *Pamphilus*, *Techmessa*,
Afolus, *Ballio*, *Phronesium*, *Priests* and *sacrifice*,
and *Hymens* statue discovered.

Afol. **T**Yndarus living? here, take this cloke away, *Ballio*:
We have no use on 't. *Ball*. The more sorrow's
mine.

Tyn. How does my friend *Afolus*? *Afol*. You are welcome
From the dead, Sir : I hope our friends in Elysium
Are in good health. *Tyn*. *Ballio*, I thank you heartily,
You had an honest and religious care
To see us both well buried. *Ball*. I shall be hang'd. *Exit*.

The song and sacrifice.

Priest. Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tie'st
Hearts in a knot, & link'st in sacred chains
The mutuall souls of Lovers, may it please
Thy Deitie to admit into the number
Of my chaste votaries this blessed pair.
Mercy, you gods ! the statue turns away.

*(He presents
Tyndarus &
Evadne.*

Tyn. Why should this be? The reason is apparent :
Evadne has been false, and the chaste deitie
Abhorres the sacrifice of a spotted soul.
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modestie,

Wear virtue for a veil, and paint false blushes
 On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayst cozen
 The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,
 Heaven has a piercing sight. Hymen, I thank thee,
 Thou stopp'dst my foot stepping into the gulf.
 How neare was I damnation ! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,
 What sinne have I willingly committed
 To call heavens anger on me ? *Priest.* If there be
 A secret guilt in these, that hath offended
 Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove *He presents*
 This other knot ? The Statue turns again ! *Pam. & Tech.*
 What prodigies are these ! *Pam.* Celestiall powers,
 You tyrannize o're man : and yet 't is sinne
 To ask you why you wrong us. *Tech.* Cunning Phamphilus,
 Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,
 The gods can find your lurking, and betray
 The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty yeares
 Have I attended on thy sacred Temple,
 Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.

Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to profer
 These to his godhead ? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deigne
 These two the blessings of the geniall sheet ? *He presents*
 He beckens 'm. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted. *Pam. &*
 False Phamphilus, the honour of the temple, *Evad.*
 And the respect I beare religion,
 Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,
 And sprinkle every statue in the shrine (thunder.
 With treacherus blood. *Priest.* Provoke not Joves just

Tyn. Well, you may take Evadne ; heaven give you joy.

Pam. Religion is mere juggling. This is nothing
 But the Priests knavery : a kind of holy trick
 To gain their superstition credit. Hymen,
 Why dost thou turn away thy head ? I fear
 Thy bashfull deitie is asham'd to look
 A woman in the face. It so, I pardon thee :
 If out of spight thou cross't me, know, weak godhead,
 I'll teach mankind a custome that shall bring

Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple
 As other creatures,—freely, and ne're stand
 Upon the tedious ceremonie—Marriage :
 And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple
 Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn
 A grain of frankincense ? *Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls
 To find the secret mystérie ! *Asot.* I have entertain'd
 One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
 With the almutes, can tell any thing.
 I'll fetch him hither : he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*

Chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
 And has no haven till he land at death.
 Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
 Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safetie,
 And bears him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius : manent Ceteri.

Asot. **H**ere's another figure to cast, Sir. These two Gentlemen

Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry
 Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,
 And he should have Evadne : and this Pamphilus,
 That has a moneths mind to Techmessa ; but that Hymen
 Looks with a wry neck at 'm. If the Ascendent
 With all his radiations and aspects
 Know any thing,—here's one that can unfold it.
 I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*

Dem. Flie from the temple you unhallowed troup,
 That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice
 Before the gods ! *Chrem.* What should this language mean ?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever signe a grant
 To your incestuous matches ? *Chrem.* How incestuous ?

Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius son,
 Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother.
 Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremylus,
 For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took

With

With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
To save the infants from the monsters jaws,
The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods
Forbid the banes, when in each march is incest.

Chr. I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.

Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? (*He puts*

Pam. My father? *off his disguise.*

Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.

Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus.

Pray let me see that ring.—Sir, I must challenge it,

And in requitall will return you this.

Chrem. Demetrius! welcome. Now my joyes are full,
When I behold my sonne and my old friend.

Dem. Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head.

Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage

As we at first intended; my Clinias

With your Techmessa, and your sonne Timarchus

With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.

Dem. Are the young { *Pam.* Evad. }
people pleas'd? { *Tyn.* Tech. } The wil of heaven

Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now trie if Hymen please

To end all troubles in a happy marriage.

Priest. Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head

With all the glorious chaplets of the spring:

The first-born kid and fattest of our bullocks

Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be

Lawfull to sacrifice in blood to thee,

That art the meanes to life) 'cause thy provident mercy

Prevented this incestuous match. Deigne now

Propitious lookes to this more holy knot.

This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,

And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you,

The fair Evadne too is come to hang

Her maiden-girdle at thy sacred shrine,

And vows her selfe constant to the imbraces

Of young Timarchus.—Happinesse wait on both!

Tyn. I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain.

Nature, abhorring from so foul a sinne,
Infus'd those doubts into us.

SCENE. VIII.

Enter Asotus in armes with a drum and trumpet, attended by Theasymachus, Hyperb. Bom. Char. Simo, Phryne.

Asot. If there be any Knight that dares lay claime
To beauteous Phryne, — (as I hope there s'none)

I dare him to th' encounter ; let him meet me
Here in the lists : — If he be wise, he dare not,
But will consider danger in the action.

I'll winne her with my sword : — mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair shall sup with Pluto :

'T were cooler supping in another place.

No champion yet appear ? — I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Asot. I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I must have a husband too, & I will have a husband ; I, and I will have you : I can hold out no longer : I am awearie of eating chalk and coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oat-meal. The thought of so many marriages together has almost lost my maiden-head.

Asot. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old, He's rich, and will maintein thee bravely. Dad, (happy. What think you on 't ? *Sim.* Thou 'lt make me, boy, too She shall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my six horses, And my imbroyder'd coach, ride where I list, Have all the gallants in the town to visit me, Maintein a pair of little legs to go On idle messages to all the Madames.

You shall denie no Gentleman entertainment. And when we kisse and toy be it your cue To nod and fall asleep. *Sim.* with all my heart.

Asot. Then take him, Girl, he will not trouble thee long;

Scen. 9.

The Jealous Lovers.

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For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,
And accidentall to the Sunne, proclaims
He is short-lived. *Phron.* Well Sir, for want of a better
I am content to take you. *Afot.* Joyn 'em, Priest.

Priest. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

Afot. Now usher Phryne to my amorous armes.

Priest. The generous Afotus and fair Phryne

Present their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen.

Sext. I forbid the banes. *Staph.* I for-
bid the banes.

*(They speak out
of the coffin.)*

Afot. And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th' impediment the Azymenes
Or Planetary hindrance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the seventh house,
In an aspect of Tetragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' averseness of my starres.

Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours.
See you these ghosts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; some of 'em may cozen you.

Sext. Pardon me, Sir; I seriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the Living.

Tyn. Well, you shall both fast to night, and take penance
at the lower end of the table in these sheets; and that shall be
your punishment.

Afot. Phryne, I take thee for my loving spouse.

Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.

Priest. And I conclude the tie. *Afot.* Ha, you sweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Afot. **W**Hy how now, Tutor? a rope about your neck?
I have heard, that hanging and marrying go by
destinie;

But I never thought they had come together before.

Ball. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,
And find my self an arrant rogue. The gallows

Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.
E'ne use me as you please.

Asot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon.
Spare me to day : for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevail'd: No man be sad to day.
Come, you shall dine with me. *Asot.* Pardon me, Sir :
I wil not have it said by the malicious, that I ate at another
mans table the first day I set up house-keeping. No, you
shall all go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then : our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praise, and all confesse,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousie
Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cum choro
cantantium in laud. Hym.*

Epilogus.

Asotus, Astrologer.

Asot. **H**ow now? Will our indeavours give satisfaction?
Astrol. I find by the horoscope, & the elevation of
the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and that th'
Almutes is inclining to the enemies house.

Asot. Away with your Almutes, Horoscopes, Elevations,
Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of mine
own to cast this figure by.



THe Lovers now Jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence : for here
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at ; we shall find
Our labours blest, if your Aspects be kind.